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Exit, the Theatre! By St. John Ervine, on page 706

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Mene, Mene, Tekel

READERS of Philip Kerr's recent articles on England and America in this *Review*, must have noticed, perhaps with skepticism, his insistence that moral considerations were certain to reappear, as they have so often appeared before, in the political careers of the two English-speaking nations. If Lenin and Ghandi are not to triumph in these western relationships and the immediate future belongs to Hoover and economic imperialism, nevertheless capitalistic prosperity alone, self-interest alone, are not always to be dominant, if history can be trusted.

It may be added, "if literature can be trusted." The vital current of American literature can be seen from many viewpoints, but from all must present to the thoughtful student an eddying stream of opinion which surges against and sometimes over the barriers of selfish individualism. Or, looking more closely, it is not extraneous barriers which cause the back-rush and on-roar of opposition, but a conflict within the stream of American life itself, two currents of energy, each vital, but one a turbid rush toward material prosperity which began with colonization, and the other a tiny powerful current fighting the main stream, sometimes dominant, always sucking strength from the energy of the river, sreading thin, contracting to the heart of the flow, but always there—idealistic, spiritual—even in the muddy years after the Revolution, or the sordid tumultuous 'seventies, or now.

It is not without significance that, among our few really great writers, Emerson, Thoreau, Mark Twain, Hawthorne, Melville, Whitman, Cooper, were on the opposition benches always—and Poe and Irving, oblivious to politics, fought steadily against the materialism of the crowd.

* * *

Since the war, American idealism (to use a broad term for many related phenomena) has been in retreat. It has been easy to be unsentimental, self-seeking, skeptical of reform, indifferent to the future. The tempo of the nation has been in the stock market, its conscience has been usurped by the Prohibitionists,—as to its future we have been determinists, borrowing from our undigested science a comfortable philosophy, saying "Kismet" with an Oriental's indifference, but without his stoicism. There has been little passion in American thinking because passion has not seemed worth while.

Those who think this is a permanent psychology are deluded. They have failed to note the strength of moral will in the United States because that will has been involved in the muddle of Prohibition or debased into religious fanatacism. They have not noted the beginnings of the inevitable weariness which follows upon too eager self-regarding in a time of prosperity. Great works of constructive engineering in finance, in industry, in social service, in education, are under way, and the men who lead them are getting ample satisfaction; but that the millions who are not leaders should be endlessly satisfied with swapping goods and salesmanship, or that American energy should be confined to building things is incredible. We shall have "seekers" soon, and "come outers," and "abolitionists," and (one hopes) less violent thousands who at least refuse to live by bread alone. If Thoreau is incredible in a stock-broker's office, a population hanging upon brokers' offices and advertisements, as upon some miracle of Moses, may be incredible to a new generation with a stiffening of Thoreaus.

If there are to be new Luthers, Erasmuses, Emersons, it is very probable that they will rise in their dangerous might as a result of war, or the threat of "civilized war" which hangs over our culture like a tornado cloud, ominous but little regarded. The blind alley with a cockpit at the end in which society marches today is intolerable for any man willing to venture in thought beyond his own affairs. It is a situation which at the very moment of our fattest prosperity, in the midst of "this heavy-headed revel east and west," may explode into fanaticism, flame out in clear flames of ineffectual wisdom, or overturn in disaster the whole edifice of smug assumptions in which we have snuggled so complacently.

The morality with which we Americans have governed our public thinking is the negative morality of a fat animal, that is getting on with its food and drink, and will oppose instinctively whatever threatens change. We do not want war and, conscious of the swirling sub-surface current, weak but growing stronger, will pass resolutions that we

(*Continued on next page*)

The Hunter

By EDWARD DAVISON

I AM that hunter keen and strong
Who forced his horse with spur and thong
To the last ditch, but fell there tossed,
Breathless, broken, his quarry lost.

I saw the hill against the sky
Thronged with slower riders than I;
Men and women, a cautious crowd,
In at the death and shouting aloud.

Which of them loved the chase enough
To take a fall in a ride so rough?
Let them look at me limping home,
Twilight falling and night to come.

This Week

"The History of British Civilization."
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

"Mamba's Daughters."
Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

"A Persian Caravan."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

"Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man."
Reviewed by ROBERT GRAVES.

"Adventures of an African Slaver."
Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID BONE.

"The Desert Road to Turkestan."
Reviewed by FRANK V. MORLEY.

"The Motives of Men."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

England and America: A Reply to Mr. Lippmann.
By FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Next Week, or Later

Easy Reading, Hard Writing.
By C. E. MONTAGUE.

British Culture*

By WALLACE NOTESTEIN
Yale University

WILL it ever again be possible to fuse into one work a history of British culture? Might a new Lecky have the intimate knowledge of each of many periods in British history as well as the grasp of relations between times and movements? It seems improbable.

There are too many things to know. Poetry, ballads, songs, plays, letters, diaries, autobiographies, account books, company minutes, diurnals, tracts, sermons, the material in print for any modern decade is more than can be read in a lifetime. And that is to say nothing of the tens of thousands of manuscripts heaped up in the muniment rooms of country houses. Nor would that be all. One must need study the documents written in the buildings of England, in the black and white cottages under Bredon Hill, past which a Warwickshire boy must have gone on his way to "Cotsall," in the great churches of Cotswold villages, that saw the heyday of sheep and wool; must note the hidden strips across the fields, "marks that show and fade like shadows on the downs," relics not always of the Flint men but sometimes of old manor lines. Could one but catch the unity of past and present as that young Cambridge don, too soon lost to the England he knew so well, who on a walking trip remarked with surprise the beehives on a Hertfordshire slope, telling his friend that there were beehives there in Domesday Book. One would have to hunt documents along the lynchets of the South Downs, to climb among the earth works of the Herefordshire Beacon, or stand above the Butter-Tubs and pick out what must have been the routes of trade west through the Yorkshire dales.

* * *

No one can do all that. It is asking too much. Cannot one then perhaps depend upon others? Cannot one confine his efforts to reading the monographs of others and fusing the results? Alas, the idea that A should do the grubbing and B make the fine generalizations is a kind of labor-saving device that has seldom worked in the historical trade. There are those who believe and have some warrant to believe that only he that gets his hands dirty with documents can attain to that intimacy of knowledge essential to the understanding of any time.

The trouble is that history is not a trade but at least partly an art. The mathematician or the biologist can build on the work of others. The historian has to do so, but never with the same assurance. History is sometimes called a science and its method should be as scientific as possible, but it is much more a craft that involves the selective eye of the artist. Amidst an infinity of materials the historian must choose what shall be treated, must pick out the characteristic; he has to use words, whose putting together must always be selective. Even the method of research, the conjecturing where documents will be found, calls for the artist's fancy almost as much as the scientist's reasoning; the appraisal of sources demands imagination as well as precision. If the historical processes are partly artistic it can be seen that the fusion of the art of others is a hard business. Let someone try to make a com-

* THE HISTORY OF BRITISH CIVILIZATION. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $12.50.

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posite English landscape out of Turner, Constable, and Gainsborough.

This is all very discouraging, and it might well give pause to those so ready to demand the "new history" and the synthesis of results. Those agitating folk are thinking of history as a science, and wish to gather it into a system, or part of a system; they think to burst out into sudden blaze with some Einstein conception of the past.

But however little a science history is—and it has much to learn from science, as for example about the preliminary processes in devising apparatus, which are often imaginative—and however much it is an art, the historian in practice has to build upon the work of others or limit himself sadly. May it be possible that one man can cover a wide field of thought and achievement by utilizing the exploration of others and yet stopping himself to explore in every field, enough to see its best,

its accent hit
And partly sound its polity?

Exploring himself and substituting imagination for part of the exploration, might genius possibly read the whole history of English culture in the monographs of specialists and by a sympathetic comprehension of their finest shadings, by an ability to guess at what they knew more than said, might he by such a gift grasp the complicated forces behind the Peasant's Revolt or divine the soul of Sir Edmund Verney setting off reluctantly to fight for his King?

Such talent is possible to conceive, but hard to come upon. It is true that Maitland could throw out passages of divine insight about Elizabethan England, but even that supreme historical genius lost his hold a bit when he came down beyond the twelfth century. Galsworthy is easily an historian of imagination and sweep, but he has stuck pretty well to the upper middle classes during a period of about fifty years. G. M. Trevelyan, dowered with historical understanding, ventured recently on a general history of England. About the Age of Wycliffe, about the early Stuarts, and about the first ird of the nineteenth century, fields in which at e time or another he had gone deeply into the

hat it can overcome? Find another Maitland in me junior common room, bestow upon him long e, persuade him to forego that mastery in one field which he will covet, and ask of him a general history of British civilization, and there may yet be one to draw the bow of Achilles.

* * *

It was then no mean enterprise upon which Mr. Wingfield-Stratford set out. He has given us in thirteen hundred large pages two interesting volumes, of which the first especially is one that lovers of England's story cannot overlook. It is the work of a widely cultivated man who has trapsed over his island with an eye for churches and their details, who has read much poetry and prose, some memoirs and letters, who has considered the philosophers and not overlooked the scientists, and who has embodied his gleanings in a kind of running comment on the progress of British civilization. It is comment that is never commonplace, usually entertaining, and often discerning. Hardly a page but has sentences that one would not miss.

He knows many of the men that cross his stage and stops pleasantly to discuss them, with freshness and point, sometimes with deep knowledge. A Strafford or a Charles II he can appreciate, but an Eliot or a Hampden are alien to his spirit. He does better with Ricardo than with Peel, better with a Chamberlain or a Kipling than with a Morley or a Meredith. The political story he hardly tells, satisfied rightly to comment upon it, but tempted now and again to fit it into categories, some suggestive, some artificial. On constitutional development he has a good deal to say; he has been at pains to read Maitland and Pollard, but not too much else, yet he knows enough to avoid the set traps. Parliament, however, the Privy Council, the Justices of Peace, and the Courts are subjects upon which he lacks intimacy of knowledge. His constitutional history is the lawyer-like brand of the common law and Coke; the scholarship that revealed the functioning of institutions is so new as to be unknown to him. History is not quite in his bones, nor the historical processes, institutions changing, differentiating, fusing.

Social history should of course be the center of any account of English culture, and it is to be said that the author is better in this field. The book is full of pat comment. Take this:

> It is characteristic of England that her own peasant revolt had comparatively little inspiration from abstract or even religious theory. There was more of Robin Hood than of Wycliffe in it, and it arose, as nearly all English—as distinct from Celtic—labor troubles arise nowadays, from a very concrete sense that the poor man was getting less than his due, that the bosses were not playing the game.

Enclosures and sheep-farming and the troubles they made, the author understands more or less—he has read his Tawney—but here again he is stepping carefully to avoid pitfalls rather than making a careful perambulation of his parish. If he knows about the life of the people it is the life to be found in certain favorite books rather than that in rent-rolls, ballads, and plays. Piers Plowman and Jack of Newbury get their due, but Skelton, Brinkelow, and Dekker would all have been to the purpose, none of them so far out of his way. He has picked his flowers—one can watch him picking—in the nearby fields and seldom looked beyond the woods. Reginald Scot devoted his life to the "more obscure authors that had by the generality been neglected." To some degree the historian must do that. By snooping in queer places he will find the very stuff to give imagination its lawful opportunity.

It is on the side of the Church and ecclesiastical thought and biography that the author is in his home fields. His discussion of the Reformation and Henry VIII, and of the ecclesiastical polity of Elizabeth deserves careful reading. The high Anglicanism of Lord and the beauty of holiness are vividly set forth; George Herbert gets his meed, but why should Launcelot Andrewes, whose shadow is not growing less, be left out? The fine flower of Puritanism within the Church would have been worth his consideration, or Richard Greenham and those "Practical Puritans," who were almost St. Francis and his followers come alive in the Cambridge country-side.

* * *

His second volume begins with the Restoration and comes quickly down to the eighteenth century.

epigram than his point, and of one who can draw comparisons not only with the continent but even with Persia and India. Upon the industrial revolution he has wise things to say, but Robert Bakewell breeding sheep with meat on their bones for the new millions of the north gets hardly a hand. He mourns for those caught in the web of industrialism with a pity for human affairs which becomes the historian, but fails to catch the romance of railways or of the Bessemer process. In a brief chapter which he calls the Quintessence of Romance he brings together a series of "romantic democrats," Burdett, Admiral Cochrane, Cobbett, Shelley, Byron, and Keats, in characterizations that could hardly be bettered. In Coleridge's politico-religious philosophy and in Blake he has subjects after his own heart. He can strike the very notes of the eighteen-twenties, or hit off mid-Victorianism without becoming satirical. It is when he arrives at his own time, that his prejudices, never wholly concealed, appear. He follows the convention of antagonism to middle-class codes and idealisms. The great social reform movement of the years between 1906 and 1914 does not even enlist his attention. Those wonderful years between the Boer War and the Great War, the years of the Webbs and Lloyd George, the years of the old proud London, the glory and splendor of which Galsworthy has caught, he dubs "those hectic and frivolous years."

Galsworthy he might have used and a host of others whose novels are documents of modern civilization. He might have compared the countryside of Fielding with that of Trollope, or with that of Sheila Kaye-Smith. The growth of suburbia, with three or four of the novels of Wells for sources, would have afforded him comment on the decades before the War.

We must not ask everything. He has given us a synthesis of British history, choosing those views, as any artist, which suited his talent and pleased him. He is one with observant eyes and something more. Once in a while it is granted to him to look on the past as he might look on a landscape through the light that never was on sea or land, but that hovers nevertheless over England on half-misty afternoons, and makes of it no common earth but "Merlin's Isle of Gramarye." For such bits of imagination we must be grateful, and not ask for a Turner or even a Constable. It is a picture that deserves a good place on the wall. Be sure to stop and look at it.

Mene, Mene, Tekel

(*Continued from preceding page*)

do not want it. We do not want excessive armaments because they are expensive, and will hold back—a little—from the old race toward preparedness for the war that is inevitable when it is prepared for long enough. Yet we remember acutely that the last war was profitable—for us, and but dimly that all wars have not been profitable—even for us. We read that science has taken over war and given it a totality of destructiveness, that not even the victors escape—and leave our reading, as we leave the movies, with fading pictures of unrealities too sharp for an imagination, engrossed elsewhere, to hold. We have been told that the West is an economic unit, and largely a social one. We have been told that we shall be involved if others are involved when the scale is large enough. We admit (placidly) the frightful results of an Anglo-American struggle over sea power, a European struggle over land power. We are sleepily aware that not even the most convinced optimist can hold out a shred of hope that stronger navies, stronger armies, can ultimately save even the strongest nation from the consequences, social, material, spiritual, political, of armed conflict on the modern plan. And yet, a stolid if apprehensive animal, we look over the fence and then trot back to complacency. Or (like Mr. Simonds in this number of the *Review*) point out the approaching catastrophe, and shrug our shoulders.

Yield a point in the supremacy of the national state? But that might lead toward The League or A League of Nations, and we have agreed that we will not discuss the League of Nations! Pool our sovereignty for the policing of the world under a law of nations? But that might imply an equal validity for the rights of foreigners, shake the Con-

pasture, and let a few more rails be set on the fence!

This is the very slough and stalmate of conservatism—not the convinced Tory conservatism that has something chivalric and nobly stupid in it, where man, with a contempt for humanity in general, shouts *sauve qui peut*, and goes up or down, accepting the results of his combative instincts. Not that rather fine conservatism which has saved character even when it has destroyed men and states, but the bourgeois conservatism of property and business that will play safe until safe becomes dangerous and then fly into fanatical panic and heap its own sins upon circumstance.

Our leaders are reading history to little purpose. Let them read literature then, and particularly the literature of American idealism, which was not always called idealism when it was written. Let them note that American writers have for a century and more been describing the beast of property that was born with horns and an appetite, but no eyes for the future. Let them note also that this culture contains elements that will not be content with chaffering on a toboggan slide, with a crash ahead. It seems incredible now that even a million Americans could be found willing to look where our path is leading, or to protest against the outrageous cynicism of inviting a general war by inaction or ill action. It seems incredible now that even a respectable minority could be gathered to execrate the folly which spends millions in energy upon material development and hundreds upon prevention; incredible that even in a tiny minority the moral passion which has risen before in this country, hot if not clear, powerful if not always just, could break through stupidities into action. It is not incredible. And the longer we delay, the more violent and less reasonable the reaction.

A number of manuscripts of the Bernese scientist and poet, Albrecht von Haller, which have been distributed in libraries of different lands are to be returned to his native land. Von Haller was the first Swiss poet to write in "High German" instead of Swiss dialect. In the eighteenth century he was an authority on botany and medicine.

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White and Black Charleston

MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS. By Du Bose Heyward. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Herschel Brickell

THE difference between Mr. Heyward's new novel, which made its first appearance as a serial in a popular magazine, and his earlier novel, "Porgy," is the difference between a relatively small piece of work admirably handled to the last detail, and a piece of work, much larger in plan and scope, which is thoroughly spotty. Parts of "Mamba's Daughters" are excellent, although for me it never reaches the best of "Porgy" either in material or in style; but parts of it are quite weak and here and there it is downright dull.

"Porgy" was a self-contained piece of regional writing, in which Mr. Heyward distinguished himself by presenting the simple and moving story of a negro beggar without any trace of condescension, and with a deep, true sympathy. It contained no propaganda, and no trifling with shifting attitudes toward the relations of the races. It was a prime story, written very apparently under the sort of emotional pressure that is likely to make a closely knit entity of a novel, and which is also likely to reveal its presence in writing that moves from the good to the really beautiful. There are few passages in contemporary fiction any better than Mr. Heyward's descripion of a hurricane which occurs in "Porgy"; I searched in vain for any passages in "Mamba's Daughters" to match the one I have just mentioned.

"Mamba's Daughters," in sharp contrast with "Porgy," is a long novel that spreads itself from Charleston to Harlem, and concerns itself with the lives and fortunes of three generations of negroes, and with the lives and fortunes not only of a family of broken-down aristocrats in Charleston, but also with the lives and fortunes of a family of Northern newcomers to the South Carolina city. Mr. Heyward's luck is with his negro characters; it will be remembered that in his second novel, "Angel," which dealt with North Carolina mountaineers, a strain of artificiality crept in that was wholly lacking in "Porgy." Few of "Angel's" people live after the book has been closed. In "Mamba's Daughters" it is the ancient Mamba, a colored person of no social standing who attaches herself to the well-born Wentworths by ways and means that are as amusing as they were characteristic, and Mamba's daughter, the giantess Hagar, who live, and who are distinctly worthy as characters of the best talent Mr. Heyward showed in "Porgy."

A large part of the book has to do with the scion of the Wentworth family, who is called "Saint" for short, and "Saint" never becomes a person of the least interest to me. He falls in love eventually with the daughter of the wealthy Northern family already mentioned and their perfectly conventional romance ends in marriage. Their removal to New York is a sort of vague fade-out, temporarily relieved by the arrival in the great city of Lissa, Hagar's child, who is destined to reach stardom at the Metropolitan Opera House in a real negro opera. Lissa is to me another unrealized character; perhaps to be sure, my acquaintance is far wider among Mambas and Hagars than among Lissas, but I cannot feel that Mr. Heyward has given the girl life.

As I have said "Porgy" was primarily a good story. "Mamba's Daughters," for all its occasional delightful pictures of Charleston, and for all its amusing episodes, such as the theft of a set of false teeth by Mamba from a distinguished judge (this last is really a short story almost as it stands) is too much cluttered up with discussions of contemporary problems of one sort or another to move forward easily and to hold the interest of the reader in any sort of tight grip. Mr. Heyward's exposition of life in the Carolina phosphate mines is frankly sociological, or so it seems to me, and while there can be no legitimate objection to the exposure of the evils of the miserable business, in this particular book another confusing element is added to an already highly complicated story.

My own feeling about "Mamba's Daughters," and naturally enough I may be entirely mistaken, is that most of the book was written under pressure from without rather than under pressure from within. This is not to question Mr. Heyward's absolute sincerity as a novelist; it is to say, however, that for me as a reader there are long passages in the book that simply go dead. This is particularly true of the last few chapters, where all hold upon the characters seems to have eluded their creator; the stage is somehow mysteriously deserted while the voice of the single speaker continues in the void. . . .

I have mentioned before the contemporaneousness of a great deal of "Mamba's Daughters," which stands to me as an objection. It gives a journalistic aspect to the book that was an advantage, no doubt, during the process of serialization, but which takes away from its value as enduring literature. This may sound more than a little absurd, since a novelist is of all people entitled to write about the life about him; he runs a risk, nevertheless, in following current trends too closely. This is especially true of the regional novelist, as Mr. Heyard regards himself; the stern necessity that he is under of giving his own little cross-section of life universality by bringing it into an intense focus is likely to be made even more difficult by the introduction of long discussions of more or less passing problems.

Mr. Heyward's position as one of the unquestioned leaders in the current literary Renaissance, which he helped to get under way both with his own work and through his efforts in the Poetry Society of South Carolina, of which he was one of the founders, has assured him the fullest and most thorough consideration for his new novel; if my criticisms seem at all severe, it is because there is no doubt in my mind that Mr. Heyward is capable of far better work than is to be found in a large part of "Mamba's Daughters."

Illustration for "A Persian Caravan."

Persian Tales

A PERSIAN CARAVAN. By A. Cyril Edwards. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

THIS slim book, with its charming illustrations and broad-margined pages, distils that essence of the exotic which never fails to exercise a spell over the alien mind. It is a collection of tales, told with a disarming simplicity, revolving in the main about the chicanery of Persian officials, and presenting with irony, with humor, and with deft selection of incident a succession of amusing episodes notable alike for their ingenuity and their ingenuousness. Some of them are merely a brief two or three pages in length, others considerably longer, but all of them have a finish and a shapeliness that lends them distinction.

Mr. Edwards has a nice command of language that manifests itself particularly in his happy choice of adjectives; a word here, an epithet there, and personality and scene stand out with surprising distinctness. The color and picturesqueness of the East are introduced merely incidentally to the happenings and dialogue of the stories, but they are nevertheless intrinsic to them, and lend to them an atmosphere of charm and richness. As for the sketches themselves that compose the volume, they are for the most part in somewhat similar mood, relying upon the cleverness of the wiles employed by the resourceful Persians depicted for their effectiveness. But they are revealing as well as entertaining, and graceful as well as novel. The delightful illustrations are reproductions from Persian miniature paintings.

The Red-Coated Fraternity

MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN. By Siegfried Sassoon. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Robert Graves

WHEN this book appeared in England last Fall it was anonymous, and most people found it difficult to believe that this anonymity was seriously intended, that it had not been arranged as an advertising stunt. It was recognized far too easily as the work of an already practiced writer, and there were details in the story, plainly autobiographical, which pointed from too many directions at the one practiced writer who could have written it. But the fact is that Sassoon has always had the queer simplicity of the ostrich, who is said to bury its head in the sand and think it can't be heard, and anonymity in this case was a sign not of the commercially astute publisher but of the divided mind of the author. And it is to be regretted, for had Sassoon written in his own character the book would be in better perspective. The real author of the Memoirs is obviously a man who has gone very much further in his own story than the foxhunting man, who is still a foxhunting man when the book ends; so that when Sassoon tries to write in the character of his outgrown self an artificial note is easily heard:

> The problem of trespassing by courtesy has existed as long as foxhunting, and it is not likely to be solved until both the red-coated fraternity and the red-furred carnivorous mammal which they pursue have disappeared from England's green and pleasant land.

We recognize at once that the stylistic clumsiness is assumed, and find that he has forgotten to keep it up in subsequent paragraphs.

Sassoon's foxhunting man is called George Sherston. He has an allowance of £600 a year and lives in Kent. He learns the love and romance of hunting from the family groom, but has no father or uncle or elder brother to train him in its social intricacies. He has to find these out for himself at the cost of much shame, for he is a sensitive person; and finds it difficult at first to brutalize his feelings toward the quarry, and has secret feelings for literature, music, and art which do not fit in all with his sporting ambitions. But he wins button, finally, as a respectable member of a hunt—after many petty sporting triumphs, ironically recorded—and even becomes an intimate friend of a master of foxhounds, and hunts gloriously for a season in the Midlands. Then he joins the Yeomanry as a trooper at the outbreak of war, gets a commission in the infantry and goes to France, where uncomfortable things happen to him, and he begins to realize that when the war ends hunting will not be the same again.

Well, I recall a day in December thirteen years ago at a village three miles north of Bethune. I was with a battalion of the regiment which these Memoirs call "The Twenty-fifth" or "Flintshire Fusiliers," and went along the pavé road from "A" Company's billets to "C" Company's billets to have a look at the new subalterns who had joined the regiment as reinforcements after the Loos disaster. On the mess table I saw a green book. It was Lionel Johnson's "Critical Essays." As probably no officer of the Twenty-fifth, a regiment whose sole interests were hunting, and polo, racing, and regimental tradition, had ever read a book of literary criticism since the Battle of the Boyne, I was astounded. I consulted the owner's name on the fly-leaf and, finding out this G. Sherston, went for a walk with him to Bethune. We talked poetry—Sherston's secret poetry-loving, as I say, comes out shamefacedly in the Memoirs every now and then—and Sherston told me, among other things, that realistic poetry about the war should not be written. Poetry should only deal with beauty. This was not long before the place where the book ends; and not very long before Sherston began to write "Counter-Attack." We were together in this battalion and others for some months, and the account he gives of it in this book is so painstakingly accurate that I can only suppose that Sherston's hunting experiences are as literally true, with no incident or character invented or even exaggerated.

Sherston, the foxhunting man, had discovered pretty soon, being strict in his own self-examinations as a sportsman, how few of his fellow-sportsmen really rode straight, and how few of the talkers were anything but bluffers, and how much of hunt-

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ing-ritual is mere vanity and incompetence. He has recorded it all drily. Here is a picture of Colonel Hesmon in terms of bridles, bits, and boots:

Elegant green stable-buckets (with the Colonel's numerous initials painted on them in white) were arranged at regular intervals along the walls, and the harness-room was hung with enough bits and bridles to stock a saddler's shop. For the Colonel was one of those fussy riders with indifferent hands who are always trying their horses with a new bit. "I haven't found the key to this mare's mouth," he would say, as the irritated animal shook its head and showered everyone within range with flecks of froth. And when he got home from hunting he would say to his headgroom "I think this mare's still underbitted, Dumbrell." . . . Along the wall of the cleaning room stood an astonishing array of top-boots. I had the presence of mind to count them. There were twenty-seven pairs . . . for the Colonel was nothing if not regular in his habits. Every autumn he visited with the utmost solemnity an illustrious bootmaker in Oxford-street and each impeccable little pair of boots had signalized yet another opening meet.

Sherston records with hardly concealed disgust his part in a tame stag-hunt and the comic-brutal end of the chase when the frightened and exhausted animal was lassoed and frog-marched away to the hearse-like conveyance it arrived in. Yet Sherston also gives a wholly enthusiastic picture of Denis Milden, the ideal M. F. H., who never spared himself, never talked unnecessarily, loved his hounds, and always showed good sport. And there are many other foxhunting characters and scenes described in the same appreciative vein.

Perhaps this is why Sassoon became Sherston. He could not have written like this under his own name, having long renounced what he calls "Reynardism" and all its works; and yet he feels an unquenchable sympathy with the best part of Reynardism. By inventing Sherston, and becoming himself anonymous, and putting in those clumsy passages which I mentioned above, he side-steps the moral problem. He leaves his readers to decide for him whether the book is sincere or ironical. So it has often been with him, I think. Even with some of his war-poems. When he wrote his famous

> To these I turn, in these I trust,
> Brother Lead and Sister Steel . . .

it was sincere enough, a tribute to the persuasive Bullet-and-Bayonet lecture of the fire-eating staff-lecturer, Colonel Campbell, V.C. Later it became ironical and was accepted as such by his many admirers.

Lawless Sea Traffickers

ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER. By CAPTAIN THEODORE CANOT. His own story, as told in the year 1854 to BRANTZ MAYER. New Edition, with an Introduction by MALCOLM COWLEY. Illustrated by MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1928. $4.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RUM-RUNNER. By JAMES BARBICAN. New York: Ives Washburn. 1928.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

THESE two books are descriptive of illicit sea trading, the one in and after 1826, the other in 1926. A century apart, they are strangely alike in many particulars. Both deal with a traffic once legal and even respectable, and later declared heinous and made unlawful. The two writers make the same earnest efforts to hold themselves free from odium. Slaver and rum-runner, both would uphold stoutly that they did no more than strive to satisfy a wide demand for their goods, and that in a spirit not far removed from philanthropy. They would have no hand—or, at the worst, an unwilling hand—in the cruelties and bloodshed that was not uncommon in the course of business. Captain Canot, "Don Teodore" as he was known on the Slave Coast, is at pains to impress his hearer with the knowledge that here was a gallant sea rover, humane to the slaves, punctilious in courtesy and address towards the officers of the armed forces set out to suppress his doings, benign and temperate in the height of success and power, tolerant and cheerfully resigned in adversity—but ever the gentleman. "Mr. Barbican," the suave and likable rum-runner, may take off his gloves for a moment and reveal hands coarsened by salt water and the rough edges of liquor cases, but more frequently—like Don Teodore—he would have the reader see him in dress attire, engaged in a polite and highly diplomatic mission.

"The Adventures of an African Slaver" has splendid material within its boards. Captain Canot's sea life and his operations on the Slave Coast are brimful of romantic incident and adventure, but Brantz Mayer, the Baltimore journalist who took down the slaver's narrative at first hand, has imparted little color to what must have been a singularly colorful life. In his efforts to varnish a plain tale, he has obscured the narrative and one has difficulty in visualizing the seaman who told it. Compared with "Trader Horn," the book suffers. It has not the warmth and intimacy that rare old Zambesi Jack (per Mrs. Lewis) imparts to the reader. Where Trader Horn would roll the barbaric names upon his tongue and conjure up vivid pictures in the reader's mind, Mayer is solidly the reporter—correct, perhaps, but unimaginative. And such names! Ahmah-de-bella, the blood brother: Sulimani: Ali mani of Fatu Jallon: Mongo John, the half-caste merchant who lorded it on the Coast and stocked his harem from the "palaces" of the native kings. How such names would have inspired the old junk vendor to vivid wording. Don Teodore, despite his gasconading, remains aloof, a somewhat frozen figure—as Mayer has drawn him.

Hardened to the sea at the age of twelve, Captain Canot drifted into the slave trade while yet in his teens. Circumstances favored his settlement ashore on the coast as an assistant to "Mongo John," but it was not long before the enterprising young sailor had established himself as a "merchant" and slave dealer on his own, doubtless improving his fortunes as that of his former principal suffered. Life on the coast, inter-tribal wars—that filled the slave barracks—blood sacrifices at Dahomey, the coming and going of the slave ship, are all described. A good book this. On second thought, one can forget Brantz Mayer's flowery moralizings and remember only that he has preserved a very human document, Don Teodore's tale, that might but for him have vanished long ago in the smoke and pot reek of a dockside tavern.

The illustrations in the book are singularly good. Miguel Covarrubias has the gift of supreme understanding in illustrative work. All nine of the pictures that adorn the book have a barbaric quality that could not be better employed than as complement to the text of high adventure in dark lands.

James Barbican's "Confessions of a Rum-runner" is written in a less expensive style than Mayer's transfer of a sea-rover's tale. Naive perhaps, in its estimation of the reader's approval, the yarn is eminently chatty and readable. We are taken fully into his confidence and embark with him in a racing sea shell to visit "Rum Row" and the hard cases who lie offshore a-waiting a chance to run a cargo. Or we visit with him the seats of the mighty ashore when the wily "James" is making arrangements for "protection." One hesitates to accept his chapter on "Judges," but must perforce admire the skill with which he makes his rough puppet speak up for him. His is an entertaining book for the average sinner.

Along the Winding Road

THE DESERT ROAD TO TURKESTAN. By OWEN LATTIMORE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. An Atlantic Monthly Publication. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by FRANK V. MORLEY

ON the excellent end-paper map of this volume a thin red line runs northwest from Peking to Kalgan and Kuei-hua; that much of it looks fairly simple. But thence the red line curves across an empty space, and something like 1600 miles is represented, before it comes to Ku Ch'eng-tze, "the greatest of all the caravan cities." The empty space upon the map is empty because it is largely desert, and the vaguest and least known of the caravan routes across it, called by camel-drivers The Winding Road, has been used in recent years precisely because the country is so difficult. "Because of the deserts in which it is hid, the lack of water that fends off campaigning armies, and the huge sand that debars the approach of carts and motor cars," it could be used in the ancient manner, though other routes were barred.

And the more Mr. Lattimore heard of The Winding Road, the more desirable it seemed to him to share its life. He mentions that the notion came to him "in the way of an old man dreaming a dream or a young man seeing a vision." He was sent up-country by his firm to arrange transportation for a consignment of wool, early in 1925. When he got to the railhead, he spent a night in the railway yards.

I shared the mud-built quarters of a cargo-foreman, and the pork and cabbage of his gang. From them, by the light of a twist of cotton in a saucer of oil, I heard more talk of the frontier, which was very strong talk, working powerfully. We turned in early, but I stepped out of the reeking browst of the low-ceiled room for a few long breaths of cold clear air before the Mongol dogs were unchained to range the yards all night. The stars shone big and bold as I looked up from the gloom below towering stacks of wool and cotton in bales. There came on me a feeling that I had known before in other places of interior China—a desire to break with the office life of the fringing coastal ports; to go somewhere a long way off, to countries where men do things as they were done uncounted years ago, because their fathers did things in that way. . . . A few days after returning to Tient-sin I gave notice of resignation to my employers.

The notion was pursued with determination, though naturally not without moments of revulsion. There were times when this hard-headed young man suspected he was heading for disaster. He had to leave his wife at Kuei-hua, at a time of disorganization and warfare. Kuei-hua would almost certainly be looted by one or other of the Chinese armies; and though Mrs. Lattimore is as remarkable as her husband for courage and ability, "it all began to seem a little bit mad." As for himself, he spoke Chinese as a native, but the dialects of the interior were unknown, and the various frontier posts were certain to be nests of intrigue and oppression. Add to this that they were late in starting, and that The Winding Road in winter means a heavy, perhaps disastrous, loss in camels. On the cheerful side was Mr. Lattimore's energy and shrewdness, and the company of Moses.

* * *

"My man Moses" was an old family servant. He had once been a Boxer, but had acquired the nickname in South Africa as an indentured laborer, where he had learned to speak English. Mr. Lattimore inherited him from his father, and in this narrative there is no figure more charming. Only a great heart could have carried his "well-liking fatness" over the 1600 miles; and only a quick wit could have extricated his white master from entanglements, by advice and by pretenses. When Mr. Lattimore was arrested as a spy at The Oasis of the Third Stage, it was Moses who contributed to the final triumph by allowing the rumor to grow that Mr. Lattimore was "the Nephew of the American Prince, who was of the blood of the American Emperor." But such a reputation would not have been supported if Mr. Lattimore had not shown himself worthy of it; and we should not be particularly excited by the adventures and the eventual success, if they were not related sensibly and simply. The writer wins our confidence by suggesting that on such a journey a danger greater than bandits is that of constipation; and the story of treating the camel-driver for colic when it was thought a ghost was in him, is not only amusing but admirable.

"They have been digging up in St. Andrews traces of the old 'Black Bull,' at which Dr. Johnson stayed for one night on his way to the Highlands," says the London *Observer*. "Even that one day left its mark on literary history. Is it not written that after the doctor had surveyed the neighboring ruins, he was told that one of the steeples of the town was in danger, and expressed a hope that it would not be taken down? 'For,' he said, 'it may fall on some of the posterity of John Knox, and no great matter.' Presently dinner was announced. 'Aye, aye,' said the Sage, 'amidst these sorrowful scenes I have no objection to dinner.'"

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Ways of Living

THE MOTIVES OF MEN. By GEORGE A. COE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $2.25.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

ONCE in a while the sedate or chastened or hard-boiled reviewer is entitled to let himself go in an unrestrained encomium. Professor George A. Coe has written a brilliant book, a meaty book, an inspiring book, a very much needed book. If I had a single dictatorial vote for a Book-of-the-Month or even of the Year Club, I should select that and feel that I was performing a worthy service to the large and increasing company of serious readers.

It offers an embarrassment of riches, not of ready coined wealth, but of fertile nuggets of thought, so far as nuggets have the reproductive habit; they stimulate the search for more nuggets. The supply holds out from the title, which has the large appeal of "The Motives of Men," to the concluding chapter which consummates in the lucid revelation of a worthy goal; what it means to be a free spirit.

It is in fact a book of books, for each chapter has a theme worthy of the volume scale. Running through it all is the vital theme of what modern ways of living and thinking are doing to the human mind (or soul, if you are old-fashioned or emancipated enough to accept that term); how it is shaping the welter of motives that make some of us behave like human beings not readily recognizable as such to those of other days and sterner culture-habits.

What is industrialism doing too us; what the warring concepts of psychology from behaviorism to Freudianism; what the jazz-pace and sex-consciousness of the latter-day salon; what the conflict of youth and age; what the mechanization of mass production and stereotyped conformity; what the mediocritizing of the school, the stage, the magazines, the motion picture, the radio; where do we find the clues to the forces that make the wheels go round,—in the nursery or the stock-markets? What are the workingman's motives and what the high-brow's and all the cranial attitudes in between? What is human nature anyway, a glory or an excuse or an obstacle? Disillusionment is the key-note of the hour. We are getting to know ourselves and are shocked by the revelation, or revel in it according to our mental and moral estate. Yet with it all we seem to be drifting, buffeted by currents that are of our own making, yet stronger than our self-direction. It's harder than ever to plan a course and hold to it amid the cross-currents of influences, opinions, scientific demonstrations, and radical programmes. Modern man seems a strange composite of the ultra-tailored and the naked anatomy showing through, and modern woman still more so and more bafflingly.

Then there is the march of circumstances and the pressure of the times. The war was a shock and hastened a reconstruction; the Churches are pronounced moribund by some and looked to by others as the light that never fails from the candle on the altar to the incandescence of a scientific illumination. Humanity seems to be X-rayed and radioed, and yet the messages competing in confusion and irrelevancy. We are still groping for significance and a perspective of values that shall sustain and not invite discouragement and despair. The crop of neuroses and maladjustments add to the tale and point a moral none too hopeful.

It would be desirable to present a sample of the spirit and direction of Professor Coe's varied guidance to the perplexed and the seekers of equilibrium in a tottering world; but the space at my command is put to better use in indicating to the prospective reader that here is a significant book, an inspiring essay in human orientation.

The forthcoming sale in Berlin of the manuscripts and letters left by Bettina von Arnim, the young friend of Goethe, and helper and counsellor of all those Europeans who were interested in the revolution of 1848, is regarded as an outstanding event in the world of connoisseurs. Many of the documents which will come up for sale have been withheld from publication by members of the family for private reasons, and the litterateurs and historians are as eager for what is forthcoming as the autograph collectors. Her letters to the King of Prussia are among them.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

WE have rendered no adequate accounting of reports submitted by our sociological dicks in the matter of the "Sincere Friendship Club." Not by reason of any lack of material but largely because the editor of the Green leads the life of a palimpsest constantly overlaid by new consignments of books arriving from the Book of the Month Club. Some day perhaps, in a volume of unusually candid memoirs, some member of that heroic committee will Tell All and will describe how he has been hemmed about and buried under in the almost daily deposit of huge parcels of literature.

Somewhere beneath the endless piles of those accumulated volumes lie concealed the garnered data of several sociological dicks. But one investigator, E. J. M. of Michigan, reported quite recently and some of his documents are available. They are interesting because in his correspondence he insisted on his sincere friends being young. I repeat that these little testimonies seem to me of extreme human interest. Many a Russian fictionist has told less in several thousand words.

Wisconsin reported to our commissioner:—

I am a lonely girl of 16 years of age. I live on a farm at the present time and it seems a lonely place without friends. I have light brown hair, blue eyes, weight 128 lbs., and am 5 ft. 5. I am of the Methodist Religion. I love music, but I do not play. I have taken part in a great many entertainments in the way of singing. I love the outdoors and any sports connected with it. I have taken part in volley ball, tennis and basket ball games. I also love horseback riding. I am of a kind-hearted nature and am homeloving. I love pets and think a lot of children. I have done all kinds of work in my young life, such as, cooking, housekeeping, managing, clerking, and children's nursing. I also have worked on a farm a great deal. I can milk, plow and do most work of that sort.

I hope now to hear from you soon. I will send my snapshot in next letter if you prefer it. I do hope this is the beginning of an everlasting friendship as I am a lonely girl when I don't have friends.

Respectfully yours,

Indiana was very concise:—

I saw in the Friendship Magazine where you wished to hear from a girl under twenty.

I am eighteen years old. I have black hair and brown eyes. I am four feet ten inches tall.

I am a lover of music, art, nature, motoring and good shows. I am through high school and I do housework.

I would like to exchange photo's.

Yours turly,

Connecticut was distinctly breezy:—

Hello Friendship Pal:

Well I chose all the young men out of the list and believe me you sure are scarce. You know, I can't see why a young man would write like that except for friendship. Gee some of them have, willing to marry, etc.

Thank the lord you have no marriage mentioned so there is hope of us being letter pals anyway. I'm Episcopalian too, when I stop and think of it. But in name only.

Now I don't know about your requirements. You said they had to be fairly good-looking, so I dunno, as they say, I might do.

I'm a beautifier, that is, I make an attempt at least. I marcel, manicure, etc. So you see I might be able to give you a manicure by mail. Something different don't you know.

I can play the piano a little, but I can do wonders at a radio or a victrola, so it's all right.

I've never been to Michigan, so maybe you could tell me a little about it, I've been to Miami, and Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Florida and Key West, and Havana, Cuba, so maybe I could tell you a little about those places in return for what you know about Michigan.

They seem to be all old men writing in this thingamijig (and how!). Don't think I'm fresh or anything, but I just am not an ole bore.

Well I'm just 18 the twenty-second of this month and I feel quite grown up. My mother has joined this club, so I thought I'd write also.

Well, write and let me hear from you.

Your friend,

Our sociological dicks unanimously report complete failure in attempting to find out anything about the reading tastes of their Sincere Friends. E. J. M. says:—

Most of them vaguely insisted what they admired good movies, fine music, art, and "good literature," the latter probably meaning the Bible I suppose, with a bit of Shakespeare thrown in, some Harold Bell Wright and an author or two dimly remembered as John Dickens or Henry Thackeray—things they thought they were expected to like. None of them would confess to a hankering for True Story magazines or five-cent thrillers or anything of the sort. All this in spite of the fact that I raved to them of my own passion for such things as Whiz Bang, Wild West Stories and Gene Stratton Porter.

One girl who seemed fairly intelligent thought my handwriting too effeminate for a boy and asked me to fess up and say I was really a girl. I did—though I'm not—and I'm receiving from her some of the letters she has had from men.

* * *

Carroll Brent Chilton writes charmingly from 25, Quai du Mont Blanc, Geneva:—

. . . Next to Keyserling the most interesting thing in Europe at present is the China-Institut of Prof. Richard Wilhelm, 26 Grosse Eschenberger Str., Frankfurt, whence there is pouring forth a fascinating series of books by and about the Chinese. *They are the people.* Nothing so rare and joyful as the way they take the hoariest metaphysical cruxes (or is it cruces?) and illuminate them by humorous stories about 2 sticks long. The reason is simple. The West has studied Nature and her laws, the world, etc., but has left out Man. The Chinese have studied only man. *Frühling und Herbst* is superb, also *Das Buch der Wandlungen*, an ancient oracle book out of the mythological time, worked on by Confucius, Lao Tse, etc., and the basis of all oriental subtlety in diplomacy, war, everyday life. "Dort steht alles geschrieben, was gedacht und gelebt werden kann."

I learned to read German in two months to read Keyserling—6 to 8 hrs. a day reading aloud hundreds of pages of which I understood little or nothing at first. Then I went to Frankfurt and discovered Prof. Richard Wilhelm and was doubly rewarded.

Now for the anecdote for which I began this letter. Mme. Dusanne is a witty actress at the Comédie Française: she played last summer en tournée with a pretentious comedian who never stopped talking of his (imaginary) successes. "Last year in Romeo and Juliet when I expired on the body of Juliet the whole house arose to applaud. C'était un trépignement général, un trépignement enthousiaste!" Then Dusanne: "Ils n'avaient pas compris que vous n'étiez pas mort pour de vrai."

* * *

There is a glamor about selling books at night. It is a slow pageant of human feelings and emotions, a kaleidoscope of tastes, opinions, enthusiasms of this huge metropolis. Free from the shackles of their daily labors, they go forth on a mental rampage, these seekers of light and diversion, and I happen to be the receiving set. Every hue and cry find response in us, because all tastes have their demands. Of course the whole procedure must be generously sprinkled with humor. Sometimes we detect the glint in their eyes in response to our own sly winks at the relative value of our immortal, ne plus ultra, the best ever, newest of the new novelists . . . and at night the selling of books has a touch of mystery added to it, which is non-apparent during the day.

—Why I Sell Books at Night, by A. van Duym, in *The Book Dial.*

* * *

Dr. Alfred P. Lee of Philadelphia has very kindly sent me, with permission to reprint, a photograph of a little-known Whitman document. It is Walt's memorandum of his symptoms after his paralytic stroke in 1873. It is written on Department of Justice stationery and now belongs to the niece of one of the physicians who attended him:—

Age—in 55th year.

Habit—Full & florid—never been sick much—weight of late years 185 to 195 lb.—a good deal of mental application—thought pondering—lambent—no great user of alcoholic drinks, or coffee, tea &c, but always used them—don't use tobacco at all—I think no marked dissipation or lapses—(I think there is apoplexy or paralysis in the family although we are very healthy & long lived).

Case—was taken 23d of Jan. last—was not struck helpless—got around the room from the 2d day—Remember I have never been entirely prostrated—Mentality in the way of clearness never affected at all—except that I very easily tire—(the brain as it were easily gets fatigued and sore).

Three or four months ago, I seemed plainly to be getting better—then I had the very great affliction of the death of my mother (23d May), but I stood it very well—for two months now I hardly hold my own—at present, my leg is as much paralyzed as ever—locomotion not entirely impossible—but very slow, difficult—after walking a couple of hundred feet very stiff, especially at the knee, as if a bundle of strings, and all drawn tight, to a hard knot—affected with rheumatism in the left shoulder, quite bad, shoulder feels every bend—easy enough when I keep still.

Nights rest generally from good to middling—half the nights sleep sound.

Appetite and digestion, from good to middling. Eat meat and drink coffee in the morning—the rest of my meals days are light, mostly of fruit, dry Graham bread, &c.

The worst trouble is bad spells in the head—very irregular—sometimes an hour or two & then let up—sometimes a whole day & even two days—either a dull ache and distress filling the head as it were with spells pretty severe and tedious (*not* sharp, *not* agonizing, however)—& then intervals more or less short in which while sitting still I feel comfortable enough—with occasional hours of very near my normal condition.

The most interesting phrase in that pathetic summary is certainly Walt's finely accurate description of his own mind: pondering and lambent.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Exit, the Theatre!

THE theatrical season of 1928-9 so far as the English-speaking world is concerned, was calamitous. Play after play, which had been produced after a great expenditure of time and labor and money, was ignominiously withdrawn after a brief or, where vanity was involved, unprofitably protracted "run"; and by the end of December, 1928, managers in London and New York were shivering in their shoes at the thought of what had already happened to them and of what was still in store for them. The situation in London had begun to look serious long before there was any anxiety about it in New York. New York, indeed, and not unwarrantably, imagined itself to be immune from the disease that seemed to be organic in the London theatre. A more lively and diverse drama flourished in New York than in London, where drama scarcely flourished at all, and many persons, myself among them, publicly announced that the centre of gravity in the English-speaking theatre had passed from London to New York. Formerly, the American stage drew its main supplies of plays from London. Now, London seemed to be drawing its main supplies from America; and many British authors, including Bernard Shaw, Somerset Maugham, A. A. Milne, and myself, had some of their plays produced in New York before they were produced in their native country. British authors, indeed, began to look to the American theatre rather than to the English theatre for production. Neither slowly nor imperceptibly, the West End fell behind Broadway and seemed content to pant in its trail. Bad American plays, when they died, went to England, where the playgoing public gradually became infected with the idea, drawn from the imported drama, that the population of the United States was mainly composed of bootleggers, hijackers, thugs, dope fiends, crooks, brutal, incompetent, and corrupt cops, and chronic alcoholics. The sensational rise, in five years, of the Theatre Guild of New York from a position of poverty and complete obscurity to one of affluence and immense importance seemed to denote that the American theatre had the seeds of long life and strength in it, and the fact that the seasons 1926-7 and 1927-8 were full of exceptionally fine plays seemed to confirm the proud persons who besought the degenerate London playgoers to look at the magnificent pieces that were performed in New York. "Look, see," they said, "how our theatre grows as yours declines!" Gentlemen engaged in theatrical research, such as Mr. Kenneth MacGowan, ostentatiously omitted London from their itineraries. They had heard nothing of worth was to be seen there, so why waste time and money in visiting the place! The increasing American spirit, made more and more aware of itself after the war by the amazing prosperity which pervaded the country, felt that at last it was about to take the lead in the English-speaking world, not only in material wealth and strength, but in every sort of artistic effort.

* * *

There certainly was no doubt about the decline of the English theatre. I must have filled hundreds of columns in the London *Observer* with my jeremiads on that subject, but although the managers cursed me for mentioning the indelicate facts in loud tones, scarcely one of them was foolhardy enough to dispute them. Occasionally, the unexpected success of a good play, such as Shaw's "Saint Joan," which had a longer "run" in London than it had in New York, and in Great Britain than it had in the United States, encouraged the pessimists to abate their cries of woe, but the general situation was only made more hideous looking by the splendor of an occasional play; and in May, 1928, the sponge was thrown up, and a general admission was made that the champion had taken the count.

Suddenly, while New York was feeling excessively "snooty" about London, the New York theatre cracked, and a great split ran down its side. There were to have been braver doings in 1928-9 than in 1926-7 and 1927-8, but unaccountably the doings turned out not to be so brave. The first "smash hit" of the season was registered by the whiteheaded boy of the American theatre, Mr. Jed Harris, who, at an age when other young men would be wondering whether they might be allowed to serve as ushers in a theatre, made himself the single manager who always produced "smash hits." The season, then, opened true to form: Mr. Harris had made his customary success. But this was a success with a difference. "The Front Page" is an extraordinary vulgar play, in which there are many brutally humorous "lines," some coarse characterization, a brilliantly swift and well directed production, and uncommonly fine acting. The play is entirely thug. The little group of reporters who form its principal characters resemble no reporters that I have ever seen, and I have worked on newspapers for about twenty years: they have no semblance of humanity in them or on them. There is a scene in the play, in which a poor, neurotic prostitute bursts in on the reporters who are waiting to write an account of an execution. The man who is to be hanged, is the single man in the world who has ever treated her decently, and the wretched woman is half distracted with grief because of his imminent death. The authors of the play make their reporters misuse and foully insult this girl. Not one of them possesses any feelings of compassion or compunction. Having beslavered her with their horrible mouth-droppings, they practically throw her out of the filthy room in which they work. (*Prominently displayed in this room are large finger* signs pointing to "IT"—a urinal. It is for this reason that the authors have been named the latrine dramatists!) Later in the play, the girl jumps to her death out of a window, and they scarcely trouble to spit on her corpse.

* * *

This orgiastic piece started the season: it will probably end it and Mr. Jed Harris, already it is rumored, a millionaire who was yesterday without a penny, will find himself, unlike the majority of managers, richer at the end of the season than he was when he began. But Mr. Jed Harris, still young enough to be ambitious and to experience discontent, must feel some prickings in his conscience over this business. His career as a manager has added inordinately to his fortune, but it has added microscopically to the theatre. I take it that he desires to leave something more than money behind him:—a little reputation, for example, as a distinguished man of the theatre? Another "Front Page" or two, and, although the million may become several millions, his reputation will scarcely be worth a dime. "Broadway" had the breath of life in it; its people were unimportant and trivial, but they were real and bore the marks of humankind on them, nor were they destitute of decency. They did not affront our nature: the people in "The Front Page" do—they belong to the sewer. This "smash hit" startled the imitative managers into raking out the town's garbage cans for plays whose single merit was the fidelity with which they reproduced the juicier flowers of speech that flourish in the mouths of drunks, demireps, and dope fiends. The stories and themes of many of these pieces were banal in the extreme, but a kick was to be administered to the public by the introduction into them of words and acts commonly heard and seen only in back-street saloons or whatever has taken their place since the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment.

I arrived in New York on September 10, 1928, to spend six months in the city as the visiting dramatic critic of the *World*. I came with the intention of writing about plays in this country exactly as I should have written about plays in London had I remained there. My Editor knew this, and agreed that there could be little point in my visiting New York if I spent my time in politely praising what was appreciable and gently condemning or ignoring what was either inappreciable or downright bad. He begged me to say my say in the way that was natural to me. I mention this fact, because a number of gentlemen bitterly and unscrupulously attacked me in the press and in conversation as one who had a different manner at home from the manner that he showed abroad. In a fairly long experience of malignant abuse, I have seldom known persons to behave so badly to a stranger as some of these gentry behaved to me. They deliberately misquoted me or quoted only passages that served their purpose, omitting all those that disproved their arguments. They asserted that I was an anti-Semite, that I hated the American people, that I was partial, that I never praised anything, that I was jealous of Mr. Eugene O'Neill, and that I was a snob because I did not leave my seat in the intermissions and join in the bright prattle of "the boys" in the foyer. One man, Mr. Ben Hecht, part author of "The Front Page," published an attack on me in an evening paper in which he first demanded that the British Navy should be driven off the seas, Canada laid waste, and Australia starved into submission by a blockade—all because of me! All that is ever likely to be laid waste by Mr. Hecht is the English language.

* * *

Now, why was this extraordinary outburst of feeling made? I had not been long in New York before my trained eye saw that the theatrical situation in this country, despite an appearance of spurious prosperity, was in exactly the same plight as the theatrical situation in England, and I immediately began to say so. The decent, educated, and self-respecting middle people of America had been driven out of the theatre, partly by high prices of admission, partly by the grossness or fatuity of the plays performed, and partly by the attempt to impose upon them tastes for which they were not inclined, exactly as the same class had been driven out of the theatre in England. The crash came more quickly in England than in America, but when it came here, it came like a thunderclap. While the managers were preparing for the production of their smarty-smutty, or plainly disgusting plays, the public was preparing to stay away from them in great numbers. Miss Mae West put a piece, called "The Pleasure Man," on the stage which drew down upon her the censure of the police. She and her cast were arrested, and their case has still, at the time of writing, to be heard. *That* arrest had a singularly chastening effect on Broadway, which hurriedly revised the text of some of its more scrofulous pieces and decided not to be so naughty in future. What affected Broadway still more was the discovery that the public was declining to see smarty-smutty plays. Among the first of them that month after its first performance, "Chee, Chee!" which was expensively cast and mounted. I thought it one of the dullest affairs I had seen in my life, and said so, and was made the recipient of abusive letters for a fortnight afterwards. At the end of a month after its first performance, "Chee, Chee!" was withdrawn! Evidently, even in the musical comedy world, where greater license is allowed than in the serious theatre, fears began to be felt. Three costly musical pieces ran for a month each. A fourth ran for less than a fortnight. Suddenly, the crack widened, and in four weeks forty plays were withdrawn from the New York stage. Panic almost took possession of the managers, and a veteran manager, with an honorable record, Mr. William A. Brady, called a conference of managers and officers of the Actors' Equity Association to see if something could not be done to save the theatre from ruin. Nothing, apparently, could, so Mr. Whalen, the new and acrobatic Commissioner of Police, decided to "stagger" the theatre to save it. All musical pieces and revues now begin promptly at 8.30 p. m. Other pieces must not start before 8.50 p. m. In this way, something will have been attempted, something will have been done to restore the drama to its wonted pride!

* * *

Let me examine the situation a little more closely before I offer some suggestions of my own. The theatre here, like the theatre elsewhere, is suffering from excessive expense. Rents are too high. Theatres are owned, not by managers who are engaged in producing plays, but by real-estate agents who are engaged in letting empty buildings to persons who wish to produce plays. What does it matter to the owner of the theatre whether he receives his weekly rent for forty weeks from one person or from seven persons? Nothing at all. If your production fails because your overhead charges are too heavy, out you go. There is another "sucker" waiting to take the theatre when you leave it. There is a long queue of "suckers" waiting for it. So the realtor argues, and up to a point his argument is sound,

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by St. John Ervine

but that point can be passed and, today, it has been passed. A theatre obtains a bad name if too many failures are made in it, and "suckers" grow shy in a season such as the present one, and when theatres are left empty, the cost of upkeeping them has to be borne by the realtor who is not receiving any rent any more. Nevertheless, the situation still remains one in which the realtor is the man who never loses on plays. He even compels the producer to pay four weeks rent in advance before he allows him to open his show at all, thus depleting the man's reserves before he has taken a penny-piece at the box-office.

All the costs of the theatre have been enormously increased; from wages paid to the stage-crew who "set" the scenes to the salaries paid to the actors. Players are extravagantly paid because they have no tenure of office. A play may "run" for a year, in which event the player on his high salary will be an exceedingly fortunate fellow, but it may only "run" for a week or two months and be followed, so far as he is concerned, by a long spell of unemployment during which his savings will steadily dwindle. I have known a player to be unemployed for eighteen continuous months, at the end of which period he was engaged to act in a piece which, after a month of rehearsals, ran for three nights! If a system could be devised which would ensure a regular income to the player, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them would be glad to take considerably less than what they now call their "rock-bottom salaries." In the old days, the player had some such guarantee, for he was engaged by a manager for a season. Today, however, he is engaged only for the play, from which he may be dismissed after a fortnight's notice.

The cost of running a theatre is enormous, although the theatrical business is the most incalculable in civilization. The first thing on which a man economizes is the theatre: it is the last thing on which he is extravagant. In former times the theatre had much less competition than it has today, but now there are moving pictures, talkie-tones, athletic tournaments of all sorts, radio programmes, and, probably very soon, television to tempt the amusement-seeker away from the theatre. All of these rivals of the theatre are cheaper and more conveniently reached and more comfortable than it is. They give better value for the money. So far as moving pictures are concerned, a person living in a village or a provincial city sees exactly the same picture as the indulged New Yorker sees in the "Roxy," but what a difference he observes between the performance of a play in New York and of one in Duluth! It is this fact, more than anything else, which has killed playgoing in the provinces of America and Great Britain.

* * *

But the principal cause of trouble in the New York theatre today is the fact that the lazy managers, eager to obtain their money without much exertion, have delivered themselves and their theatres into the hands of a voracious gang called "speculators." The speculator, of course, has as much right to make money out of the theatre as any other person, especially as he takes the risk of not making any, but the manager is finally a foolish person to allow him to exist; for the additional profit which the "speculator" exacts from the playgoer adds to the latter's expense without adding to the manager's receipts. The majority of people have only a certain amount of money to spend on pleasure. If the cost of theatre tickets is increased by fifty per cent, then the number of plays that the theatregoer can afford to see must be decreased by thirty-three-and-a-third per cent. And that playgoer, made aware of the value of money in purchasing plays, becomes exceedingly cautious in his buying. He inquires widely before he takes seats for a play, nor is he willing to "take a chance" any more. He wants certainties, not adventures.

Ticket speculators, however, are not interested in the welfare of the drama. They do not, indeed, care what kind of play is performed, provided that there is a demand for it and that they can control the demand. By buying blocks of seats for plays which they believe likely to be successful, they can do this, and they tempt the producer to sell these blocks to them by offering him money down and the promise of a renewal of the offer at the end of a given period. If the producer has already had to satisfy the demand of the realtor for four weeks rent in advance and is feeling baffled by the elusiveness of money, the temptation to close with the speculator is great. He generally closes with it. That is why there never are any tickets to be obtained at the box-office for successful pieces and seldom any to be obtained for unsuccessful ones.

The middle people, who have better things to do with their money than squander it on inefficient managers and voracious speculators, finding that admission to the theatre has become increasingly difficult and, when obtained, is often not worth having, have gradually withdrawn themselves from playgoing altogether. In my correspondence, I frequently find letters from readers who assure me that they formerly went to see plays as often as once a week. Now, some of them go once a year or once

ST. JOHN ERVINE
From a caricature by Low, from "Lions and Lambs" (Harcourt, Brace).

in every two months. There exists in New York, as there exists in London, a large body of potential playgoers who seldom or never go to any theatre because the cost and bother of going is so great. The restoration of the theatre to health entirely depends upon whether or not these people can be persuaded to resume their playgoing. Can this be done? It should be easy to do, for these people start off with an affection for the theatre and are sorry that they cannot see more plays. The principal obstacle is the speculator, and until that gentleman is blasted out of the way, all hope that they will exert themselves to save the manager from bankruptcy is vain.

I doubt if the managers will do anything, for they lack the ability to combine or to coöperate. The moment the average manager sees an opportunity to score a little personal advantage, he "rats" from his association. Time after time, attempts have been made to persuade these absurdly individualistic gentlemen to work together for their own good, and, time after time, the attempts have been turned to failure by someone's refusal to abide by an agreement. Economic stress, however, may bring about what commonsense has so far failed to achieve, and some sort of coöperation may be forced upon the managers as it is forced upon the occupants of a sinking ship. The model for them all is plainly visible. It is to be found in the Theatre Guild.

The secret of the Theatre Guild's success is twofold: absolute integrity of intention and a system based upon subscribers. It gives its patrons the best plays that it can find. All of them may not be to the taste of this or that subscriber, but the intention is so transparently fine that the subscriber does not complain. He knows that he will find the balance in his favor before the season finishes. The speculator is eliminated for the subscribers who purchase their tickets in advance from the theatre. The subscribers, in a sense, are the speculators, so far as the Guild's preliminary expenses are concerned, for they occupy towards the Guild the same friendly financial post which is occupied, towards the ordinary manager, by the speculator. Or, perhaps, a better way of putting it would be to say that the subscribers are the "angels" of the Guild, furnishing the capital with which the plays are produced. There seems to be no reason why this system of subscribers should not be extended. What is to prevent a group of managers from pooling their resources and forming another group, with equal integrity of purpose?

A mere juggling with finance, however, will not save the theatre. Managers must cultivate themselves in courage and in resource. They must follow a policy, and not run helter-skelter after duplicates. The quality of the plays must somehow be improved, and some care exercised in the liberties that are taken with taste. No person wishes to see authors restricted to the level of a refined Band of Hope, but neither do many persons wish to see them admitted to the freedom of the stews. Reputable authors will not now undertake the labor of writing plays because of the very great difficulty there is in obtaining performance for them. To induce a manager to read a play at all is one of the most difficult tasks that a man can undertake. Manuscripts are retained for months and returned unread, dirtied, torn, so that they have to be expensively retyped, or are lost altogether. The lapse of time between the completion in manuscript and the publication of a novel of any merit is small. The lapse of time between the completion in manuscript and the production on the stage of a play may be several years.

All of these factors in the life of the theatre require revision. In many respects, the apparatus of the theatre, more so in London than in New York, is obsolete, but if the managers will consent to eliminate the speculator and be more fastidious in the choice of their plays, they need not be afraid that the clumsiness of their organization will prevent playgoers from patronizing it. There are at least half-a-million of intelligent people in New York and its environs who can be turned into weekly playgoers instead of once-a-year playgoers by the exercise of a little thought and consideration on the part of the managers. But nothing on earth will induce those people to contribute to the expensive upkeep of ticket speculators. The theatre is now at a critical point: it may rise up to new glory or it may perish miserably. On the way in which it is directed, its fate depends.

St. John Ervine, author of the somewhat vitriolic article above, has for the past few months been the guest critic of the New York World *in the field of the drama. He is himself a dramatist of distinction, having written a number of plays which met with popular success and of which two in especial, "Jane Clegg" and "John Ferguson," won the acclaim of critics. Mr. Ervine was Manager of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin for a time, took part and was wounded in the war, and after it found time among his many activities to produce novels of merit. Of these "Changing Winds" and "The Wayward Man" perhaps deserve particular mention. Among his other published works are "Some Impressions of My Elders," a volume of essays; "The Foolish Lovers"; "Parnell"; "The Organized Theatre," and "How to Write a Play," all of item with the exception of "Parnell" (Houghton Mifflin) published by the Macmillan Company.*

The organization of *Social Science Abstracts*, a journal shortly to be launched under the editorship of F. Stuart Chapin, is a departure from the usual editorial arrangements of journals in the social sciences. This complex editorial organization consisting of a board of directors, an international group of advisory editors, a large number of consulting editors, and a central staff of eight specialists, is designed to cope with the immense problem of abstracting the important periodical contributions to the social sciences in the literature of the world.

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Books of Special Interest

The End of the War

THE MEMOIRS OF PRINCE MAX OF BADEN. Translated by W. M. CALDER and C. W. H. SUTTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $10.

Reviewed by BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT
The University of Chicago

ON October 1, 1918, Prince Max of Baden was appointed Chancellor of the German Empire with the double task of satisfying the political demands of the German people for a greater share in the government and of negotiating a tolerable peace with the Allied and Associated Powers. Forty days later, on November 9, the "liberal Empire," overwhelmed by revolution, gave way to the German Republic; on November 11 the German armies accepted the terms of armistice dictated by Marshal Foch. The unfortunate statesman who was technically responsible for this course of double events, now explains, in a moving and richly documented narrative, how he sought to stem the tide of disaster.

As heir-apparent to the throne of Baden, Prince Max had at first to content himself with such non-political work as the welfare of prisoners of war, in which he earned a reputation for liberal and humane principles. As the war progressed, he found himself torn by conflicting emotions: loyalty, patriotism, instinct made him desire victory for German arms: "the war has given us the opportunity to establish our right to power." But, more acute than the majority of his countrymen, he saw that any increase of German power must be "compatible with the honor and security of the enemy peoples." In an elaborate memorandum on "Ethical Imperialism" he explained the matter clearly enough to the Emperor:

> Our claim to power has until now [March, 1918] always been founded on the safeguarding of our existence and of the vital interests of Germany. The underlying assumption was that the world took a special delight in the vital interests and existence of Germany. That was the fallacy. The tremendous strength which we have displayed in this war must find moral justification in the eyes of the world, if it is to be tolerated.

In his opinion, the touchstone of Germany's sincerity was her attitude towards Belgium, and from 1916 on, he repeatedly urged the government to declare publicly that Belgium would be restored unconditionally. Such a declaration would, he believed, find a responsive echo among the working classes in England and in the conservative elements led by Lord Lansdowne, who would be able to overturn the Lloyd George government and open negotiations for peace. Such a peace of understanding was, he argued, the only alternative to defeat ruinous terms, and, probably, the fall of the monarchy. But the general staff wished to keep Liège, the Centre party was touchy, and the foreign office would approach the question only by devious diplomatic routes; moreover, as late as September, 1918, the official policy still hoped to maintain the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which Prince Max regarded as a betrayal of the small nations of the east.

No wonder, then, that the Prince hesitated to accept the appointment as Chancellor. If he did so, it was only because he hoped that his prestige would enable him to transform the political institutions of Germany in a democratic sense, which might save the monarchy, and negotiate a reasonable peace, which would be possible if a *levée-en-masse* were proclaimed. But not for one moment was he master of the situation. At every turn he was forced to do what he disapproved of, with consequences which he had anticipated; before he could adjust himself to the new situation, he was overtaken by new events, and the Sisyphean work must needs begin anew. Immediately on taking office, with colleagues appointed not by himself, but by the retiring chancellor and the Emperor, he was confronted by Ludendorff's demand for an immediate armistice. The general naïvely thought that the advancing Allies would chivalrously allow his armies a "rest" and the chance to reform in new positions; while he so little understood the Fourteen Points that he informed Prince Max:

> "The Supreme Command would in the last resort consider surrendering some small French-speaking portions of Alsace-Lorraine; the cession of German territory in the East is for it quite out of the question."

The Chancellor knew better. Request for an armistice was an admission of defeat which would only strengthen the enemy's will to victory; acceptance of the Fourteen Points meant the loss of Alsace Lorraine and the Polish provinces. Instead of so disastrous a move, he would make a speech in the Reichstag offering a peace of understanding, and if this were refused by the Allies, he would proclaim the National Rising; if the Fourteen Points had to be accepted as the basis of peace, he would at least demand their application to both sides impartially. But the Emperor supported the general staff, and the note to President Wilson was despatched.

From this moment the Chancellor was lost. The cry of the politicians and the masses alike was to "trust Wilson," and when the President had intimated that easier terms could be got if the Hohenzollerns disappeared—Max had foreseen this demand—there was little chance of a National Rising even though the general staff had recovered its nerve and took a more optimistic view of the military situation. The Chancellor reconciled himself to the retirement of William II and proposed, in order to save both monarchy and state, that the Emperor should abdicate and at the same moment summon the people to a National Rising. But William refused, declaring that the army would go to pieces if relieved of its oath to the Supreme War Lord, and, to escape inconvenient pressure, left Berlin. As a last desperate measure, Prince Max persuaded the Social Democrats, with whose help he had hoped to preserve the throne, to put off their demand for abdication until the terms of armistice were known. As these would be framed to "make a renewal of hostilities on the part of Germany impossible," he would then compel the Emperor to abdicate (hitherto he had used only persuasion, but now he was ready to resign) and appoint a Deputy who would issue the call for the National Rising. Max still hoped that the stern demands of the Allies would arouse the German people to resistance, once the Emperor, upon whom all hatred was concentrated, was out of the way. William waited twelve hours too long: the advance of the revolution from city to city made it impossible for the Social Democrats to restrain the Berlin populace, and on the morning of November 9, three hours before the receipt of William's abdication as Emperor, the capital of the Hohenzollerns went over to revolution. Max made a final effort for the monarchy by announcing the establishment of a Regency and the appointment of Herr Ebert as Chancellor. But Phillip Scheidemann proclaimed the Republic, and Imperial Germany was no more.

So brief a summary does scant justice to Prince Max's vivid account of those forty days, which is not the less interesting because he more than once reproaches himself for mistakes or irresolution. But even if he had set aside his feeling as an heir-apparent and his obligation as a Prussian officer, in order to force the abdication of William II a week earlier, it is very doubtful if the monarchy would have survived. On the other hand, he was quite right in thinking that the military situation was not hopeless; we now know that the Allied armies had outrun their supplies and probably could not have defeated the Germans in the autumn of 1918. Although we must rejoice that Prince Max failed in his tasks, we can sympathize with an honest and gallant gentleman struggling hopelessly, as he was only too well aware, against the inevitable.

AN excellent idea of the fine work that is being done in modern printing (says *John O'London's Weekly*) may be gained from the "Year Book of the London School of Printing and Kindred Trades," 1927-28. Here are title-pages, reproductions in color and monochrome, etchings, pencil-drawings, advertisement "lay-outs," and an exquisite variety of types to delight both the book-collector and those who take a more practical interest in typography. Besides these there are reprinted some interesting lectures on such subjects as "Salesmanship" (by W. Atkins), "Paper Containers" (R. Lea), "Music Printing and Engraving" (James N. Green), and (most interesting of all to the general reader) "Reminiscences of Print and Fleet Street"—by T. W. McAra, Secretary of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, an account of the lives of the printers in what were decidedly the "bad old days."

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The Historical Novel in Germany

By HENRIETTA VON KLENZE

THE search for an ultimate answer to the riddle Man is the motive back of many German books of the moment. Into the past or the future—and always into the depths of human consciousness—the writers drop their plumb lines. Nor is the search a new one. In every period of history, when some social or political cataclysm has urged a reappraisal of values, we find the same trend. After the Thirty Years' War —often recalled by present-day conditions in Germany—religious quietism and the music of John Sebastian Bach furnished a refuge for many souls. Yet at that very time science emerged to become the most powerful element in the alembic in which modern times were even then abrew. Hence it is no accident that Luther, the Columbus of religion, Faust and Paracelsus, condottieri in the realm of thought, and even Till Eulenspiegel, *enfant terrible* of medieval Europe, come to the foreground in the works of modern-day writers who seek to do more than amuse.

This historicism differs from that of a Dahn, an Ebers, a Lew Wallace. Facts and living conditions of past ages as far as they are archæologically ascertainable are now common property. Writers are seeking rather for the spirit that animated our predecessors and especially for the connecting thread that makes us one with them. Hence the soul-essence rather than the physical appearance of the past are emphasized; even when the language is archaic, suggestion and not slavish imitation is the goal.

Among the recent German publications of this nature, the most interesting in subject matter as well as the most artistically satisfactory is Kolbenheyer's "Paracelsus" (München: Müller). Theophrastus Bombastus, Knight of Hohenheim, self-styled Paracelsus (1493-1551) was one in whom, as in his contemporary Dr. Faustus, the religious and scientific fires blended and burnt fiercely. To his contemporaries, largely charlatan and magician, heretic and seeker after the Philosopher's Stone, to his biographer-romancer he is what his epitaph calls him: *ingenium teutonicum.* That is, he is animated by that Germanic search for the Infinite, which is bound never to be satisfied, yet is somehow deeply satisfying. Paracelsus, Father of Modern Chemistry, was also the first man to seek scientifically for the unifying element in man and nature, the ideal and the real, the flesh and the spirit. Son of a physician and a peasant, of a nobly born and educated father and a mother not quite emerged from serfdom, he starts as a complex personality. The first volume ("Childhood of Paracelsus") renders vivid and penetrating insight into the growth of the child and the impingement of environment upon the unfolding individual. Perhaps this is the most satisfactory of the three volumes from a purely literary as well as from a culture-historical point of view. The background is medievalism merging into renaissance: pilgrimages to the wonder-working Shrine of Our Lady with their mixture of religious phobias and cynical greed, alchemy merging into chemistry, medicine being born out of scholasticism. The center of interest is the child wakening to the facts of life. For the rendering of childish psychology Kolbenheyer has delicate antennæ which make of his child studies outstanding works of art.

With the death of the mother—she commits suicide in a fit of religious insanity—Theophrastus's childhood ends. Volume II ("Destiny") finds him studying at a priest's school in Wittenberg. In a nearby cell we catch a glimpse of a young monk flagellating himself in a desperate wrestling with his spirit of doubt; it is Luther. No meeting between the two is recorded, but we feel the common spirit that drives the one into splitting the Church and the other into revolutionizing Science. Young Theophrastus is to follow his father's profession of medicine, but he soon rebels against the endless commentaries upon Galen and Hippocrates and scandalizes his colleagues by basing his cures upon personal observation and experience. Hence his reputation for charlatanism. He is driven from town to town. In vain he seeks a warm corner among the homes of men. Gradually it comes to him that loneliness is the fate of the Seeker after Truth.

In the third volume he rises slowly above all personal ambition and personal needs of home, and love, and friends. Even his goal of helping mankind to overcome their physical ailments becomes secondary. He realizes "that there are diseases of the heart and soul as well as of the body," and that they have a common source. To find this source, this nexus with the Universal whence only man's physical and spiritual healing can flow, becomes his final goal. The book closes on a note of lofty renunciation and majestic aloofness. "The human soul is a lonely thing." Theophrastus has gazed upon a world in turmoil from which rose unwholesome bubbles, such as the vagaries of the sects of Anabaptists, Rollers, etc., that sprang like mushrooms after a rain, as the gory excesses of a maddened peasantry, as the fantastic rites of wizardry, Black Masses, etc., and he gazed upon these things with the calm eye of the observant physician and the bleeding heart of the lover of his kind who hopes almost despairingly to see a new and better world emerge out of the welter of the old.

Two other characters of the past are made the harbingers of a new vision—Luther, who impersonates the ethical and religious phases of the same speculative spirit that informed a Faust and a Paracelsus; and Till Eulenspiegel, the sprite whose mischievous pranks find a new interpretation to-day.

Walter von Molo in his novel, "Mensch Luther" (Zsolnay, Berlin), renders a breath-taking account of those two fateful days in 1521 when into the city of Worms on the Rhine there poured lords and prelates, papal delegates, and the wealthiest and most powerful Kaiser of the world to sit in solemn conclave and see a wretched peasant-monk take his stand upon the Word of God and challenge all the powers and principalities of this world. Perhaps Molo gives a plethora of intrigues and hairsplitting discussions and dialogues of scheming diplomats and wily churchmen, and a too detailed description of heraldic display and the carousings of prince and princeling. But the result is a picture of the terrific forces of guile and brute ignorance against which the tense spirit and eager mind of one poor monk were pitted and were triumphant.

Almost as comic relief against the sombreness of Paracelsus and Luther comes Till Eulenspiegel, for centuries the synonym of horseplay and sidesplitting pranks throughout Germanic countries. But Till underwent a transformation some sixty years ago at the hands of his Belgian countryman, DaCoster, a transformation that fits so well into the German mood of to-day that he has received several translations within recent years and is accepted among the company of those who express the Germany of the moment, if not indeed of the hoped-for future. By a bold anachronism the half legendary, half historic rogue, of whom the fourteenth century chap-books tell, is moved forward into the Renaissance, is made the bearer of the nationalistic ideas of sixteenth-century Netherlands, places all his ready wit in the service of his country for freedom from the Spaniard and for the Union of North and South, of Holland and Belgium. The chap-book style is preserved throughout the book, and the cunning and ingenuity of the hero lose nothing by being devoted to a great cause. Recently Gerhart Hauptmann elevated the old trickster to the central position in a great epical poem (S. Fischer, Berlin). Till is now a veteran of the World War, a famous Ace now turned pacifist, and with no refuge in the Germany of the great débâcle save under the cap and bells of the travelling mountebank. Thus a rhymed picaresque romance furnishes the framework of an apparently fanciful, but at bottom very serious, review of post-war Germany, terrible in its truth, hopeful in its visions and dreams of better days to come.

Back of all these books with their vivid colors, their rapid action, their vast panoramas, is a call to the German people to gird themselves in their hour of humiliation and wrest a victory, moral and physical, out of defeat, as these German heroes did in past days.

According to the Manchester *Guardian*, a valuable find of Ariosto manuscripts is reported from Naples, where, among a parcel of books and papers brought fifty years ago to the National Library of Naples from the Carthusian monastery of San Martino, there are said to be fifteen octavos of the author of "Orlando Furioso." Professor Piermarini, of Naples, became interested in the old documents, and after a careful comparison with original manuscripts of "Orlando" in the Ferrara Museum found a resemblance which has convinced Professor Croce and the Director of the Naples Museum of their authenticity. The character of the writing appears to be identical.

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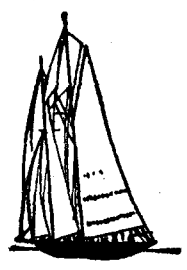

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Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

IT was something of a shock to learn that the winner of the Harper and *American Girl* competition for the best girls' story was not some recent graduate of a woman's college as we had somehow expected, but a gentleman, one Walter S. Ball. We met Mr. Ball at a tea given in his honor last Wednesday at the Harper's Boys' and Girls' Bookshop. This two-thousand-dollar prize story will be called "Carmella Commands," and will begin running serially in the *American Girl* before its publication later on by Harpers. It will have for a central character a young Italian girl learning to meet present-day problems in an American setting. Mr. Ball explained that the idea for his book grew out of an incident which he witnessed some years before in an Illinois station, where he saw a twelve-year-old Italian girl superintending the transportation of her family, all of whom, old and young, were entirely dependent on her quick wits and knowledge of English. Later as editor of the Providence *Journal* Mr. Ball had a chance to continue his studies of the Little Italy section of an American city. Kathleen Norris, lately arrived from California, and one of the judges of the competition, was at the Harper's tea, also Helen Ferris, one time editor of the *American Girl*, but now of *The Youth's Companion* and soon to review the children's books for the *Atlantic Bookshelf* as well.

Dorothy P. Lathrop, the illustrator, came down from Albany a week ago to sign contracts, have a look at her exhibition of original drawings now on view in the children's room of the New York Public Library, to hunt up early print patterns and china animals at the American Wing, and to buy a music-box at Schwarz. Miss Lathrop's illustrations have been our envy and undoing ever since we saw them first for the Walter de la Mare poems in "Down A-Down Derry." Her drawings of frail sprites and slant-eyed changelings, and her exquisite foregrounds of wood mosses, mushrooms, roots, and Indian pipes have a quality all their own, while her animals, especially her sad monkeys, are unforgettable. We should like to say much more about these pictures, but we might be criticized for partiality later on, since Miss Lathrop has returned to her Albany studio to work on drawings that happen to concern a book we know rather intimately. In fact, we happen to be writing it. However, to whom it may concern, Miss Lathrop's exhibition at the Library will continue through the month of February.

We forgot to say that Miss Lathrop has done the jacket design for the newest Eleanor Farjeon book, "Kaleidoscope," which Stokes will bring out next Fall. Miss Helen D. Fish assures us that it is a fantasy and one of Miss Farjeon's best. She promises that we will like it as much and more than "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard,"—a rather large order.

Pamela Bianco, another favorite illustrator of ours, is at work on pictures for Wilde's "Birthday of the Infanta." This to be a Macmillan title for next Fall. It seems to us that this should be as happy a combination of artist and material as the Bianco-Blake of last year. We await it with impatience.

The other night we heard Cora B. Millay, mother of Edna St. Vincent, Norma, and Kathleen, recite bits of verse from her second "Little Otis" book. Little Otis is a shrewd, down-east youngster with views of his own. In this they are "On Genesis." After hearing them we were thankful we were never called upon to teach any Little Otises in Sunday School. Mrs. Millay's book will be published, as was its predecessor, by the W. W. Norton Company.

On Valentine's Day the Doll Convention (already mentioned at length in this column) will open at the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston. We wish we might be on hand for this gala-varnishing day. But we have sent a delegate in the person of the Empress Eugénie, a slightly overdressed, china lady of dazzling complexion, born in Paris just before the collapse of the Second Empire when ladies' hair was done in waterfalls, and when bustles and basques and Grecian bends were all the rage.

Reviews

BOGA—THE ELEPHANT. By R. O. S. (BARONESS DOMBROWSKI). New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLYDE FISHER
American Museum of Natural History

HERE is a most attractive book for juveniles, with an artistic jacket of elephant-skin paper, an excellent example of book-making. The illustrations, which are by the author, are very fine. In fact, the pictures of the baby elephant and its animal neighbors of the jungle are probably the best part of the book, and this is no disparagement of the story, either, for why shouldn't the pictures be the best part of an animal book for boys and girls?

The author evidently knows the African jungle and its animals, an essential background which is lamentably rare among those who would write about animals for children. It is a pleasure to find a story whose natural history is dependable. It adds to the interest for the animal characters to be given names; thus they become individualities, personalities—and we do not object to having the animals talk to one another, but it would be too bad in a children's story to have woodchucks living in trees, kangaroos in the African jungle, or alligators in the Rocky Mountains. The naturalist upon reading this book has the feeling that the author really has an understanding of her animals and their habitat.

There is a slight tendency toward slang in the book, for example, in the use of the word "kidded," and in the repeated use of the word "decent." There is also a tendency to use big words, for example, "bifurcation,"—or note this sentence: "The chimpanzees stared aghast at this gruesome transformation and phenomenon; . . ." However, neither of these adverse criticisms is serious.

The story is about Boga, a baby elephant, and his mother, and also a number of interesting neighbors. There are Yongoli, the chameleon; Punga, the leopard, and many chimpanzees and baboons.

Boga, when quite small, has a terrifying experience with Punga. At another time Boga's mother is caught in a pit-trap, but finally escapes. Yongoli, the chameleon, who can change his color, and whose peculiar eyes move independently, and whose sticky, club-shaped tongue is so efficient in capturing insects, is looked upon with superstition by the native human animals. The gorgeously colored mandrills are fascinating. Not the least of Boga's adventures is his capture by Manga, the man. Altogether this is an interesting story portraying some phases of life in the African jungle.

THE BOY WHO WAS. By GRACE TABER HALLOCK. Illustrated by HARRIE WOOD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by CATHERINE WOODBRIDGE

THIS book sets out to do for Italian history what "Puck of Pook's Hill" did for that of England. But here the author has found an artist to work hand in hand with her in recreating the past. Together they have sought to reflect the various periods in style as well as in content. Both have a sure historical knowledge.

Of course the value of such works lies not so much in the actual facts a child may glean as in the dear familiarity that historical figures thus assume, so that later, the thrill of remembered pleasure in coming again upon Odysseus or Robert Guisard, may be the starting point of real historical research. Such a book then, to be worth anything at all, must be actually creative. While Mrs. Hallock's scheme is definitely so, her style is not always up to her task.

The scene is laid at Ravello, on the Sorrento peninsula. For her Puck, the key to the successive reincarnations of history, the author has taken that most typical figure of the Southern Italian landscape throughout the ages, the goat-boy. No conception could be more apt; but in trying to combine the fairy element of Puck with the childhood which is to draw children with it into the story, she loses something of the reality of each. Though she tries to solve the problem by giving him a prominent part in the action, her Nino is too often only a shadow. Again, the action

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itself is hampered by details and mere sophistications of style. This is less apparent in the classical scenes than in the medieval one of the children's crusade. Here Miss Hallock seems out of key with the period. The lovely idea of adapting the rhyme-and-prose scheme of "Aucassin and Nicolette" fails in effect through mediocre verse. The result is more pre-Raphaelite than medieval. She finds her stride again, however, in the later sketches.

While the book, with its gay illustrations, is a delightful whole, it leaves me wondering whether the author would not have done better to confront herself with such a forthright child audience as Kipling's Pan and Una. Having them actually in her literary scheme might have saved her from pitfalls of mannerism. She seems to forget sometimes that she is writing for children. The conception is thoroughly artistic, and the ornateness in execution merely muddies it. So good a book ought to have been better.

STOVE-PIPE-MAN AND SANDY. By AUDREY CHALMERS. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by ANNE H. VANCE

SMALL boys will not want to put down this book until they have read the last of the adventures of a lively pair of comrades told in a tale that is a clever combination of the practical and the imaginative.

It is very practical to have a tool chest with hammer and saw and screw-driver and nails, and to know how to use them; and it takes imagination to know that what the gardener calls "rubbish" means nice old boards and boxes and pieces of tin, and wonderful things to be made out of them; and to see the almost human possibilities in a heap of discarded stovepipes lying on the ground takes not only imagination but a touch of genius. Behold the Stove-Pipe-Man, who introduces himself by standing on his head and asking to be called "Stovie"; thus, at the start, putting friendship on a delightfully informal basis!

He's a sensible enough fellow, this Stove-Pipe-Man of Sandy's. He remembers that nurse doesn't like old boxes and so she'd never like old stovepipes. At her approach "he instantly dropped down into what looked like an old heap of pipes." And clever, too, he is. He can think, and has ideas about how to find the balloon-tree; going about looking for it in the politest, nicest way, even under the most trying circumstances.

Among the unusual characters with whom he has to deal in his adventures, the most troublesome are the family of Sillamonsters:—a Sillamonster being "a creature with a long tail and a short temper," also a fondness for polysyllables. Mrs. Sillamonster exhibits her temper by "whuffing" to herself, and hardly a moment passes but that she finds something most "extra-commonairy," "annoygravating" or "unsettivating"—an entirely new vocabulary sure to be enjoyed by the small boy reader.

All this is good fun set forth in good print, with simple, amusing illustrations by the author. A substantial, pleasant little book, withal.

JUNIPER FARM. By RENÉ BAZIN. Translated by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

NO one who has lived in Paris or Nice and made the tour of the cathedrals and chateaux knows the French. For the tourist and even the foreign resident rarely comes into close contact with the large rural population which preserves the national characteristics more purely than the people in the centers of international traffic.

René Bazin, Henri Bordeaux, Gabriel Maurière, and others have acquainted us in their books with the sons and daughters of the French soil whose love of the acres ploughed and planted by their fathers, whose dogged perseverance, and rare thrift won the war for France. To picture the life of their children to the foreign child is to forge another link in the bond of international good-will which eventually should make wars impossible. Young America can profit by the reading of these books. They will give it a better understanding of the French character than their elders gained from conducted tours and from the French fiction and drama favored by the majority of our publishers and producers. They may also learn some ethical lessons, among others that French children have a sense of responsibility and their duties towards their elders not unlike that of our much-decried Puritans.

Bazin's story of the four Fruytier children is typical of French child-life in the country. It shows Max, Vincent, Pierre, and Jeanne at their daily tasks on the farm and at school, tells of the escapades of Vincent and Pierre and the punishment inflicted upon them by their father, describes one of the dramatic crises in a farmer's life, a drought, and the part the children played in it, so simply, that all these happenings are visualized in the pages of the little book. The mother in her cheerful acceptance of incessant toil and in her ministrations to the poor and homeless, the father, a man of few words but sound common sense and good judgment, little Jeanne, the guardian of the herd, the mischievous Vincent, the ambitious Max, live before our eyes. Like most of Bazin's stories, this rural tale is told with no attempt at literary elaboration, which perhaps makes the human appeal so much stronger.

In the idiom of the average reader there is "nothing doing" in this story. Yet, when Vincent leaves the parental home to become a mechanic, and when in the final chapter Max joins the army and intends to enlist for service in Africa, as his father had done, one closes the book with regret to remain in ignorance of the further development of Pierre and Jeanne who remain with their parents on the farm. For there are still readers in this sophisticated age who find the simple line of growth in a child-soul more interesting than the most intricate web of adventure, and René Bazin knows his child-soul.

GREAT MOMENTS IN EXPLORATION. By MARION LANSING. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

STRANGE CORNERS OF THE WORLD. By J. E. WETHERELL. New York: Thomas Nelson. 1928. $1.75.

Reviewed by A. GROVE DAY

KING, trader, wanderer, gentleman adventurer, scientist, treasure hunter—these are the men who have dared the unknown and sought the secret, wondrous places of the earth; and all, from Ulysses to Col. Lindbergh, have been touched by the passion of the explorer, the command to dare the elemental strength of Nature and to seek the lost lands beyond the ranges.

Marion Lansing, in "Great Moments in Exploration," has caught the spirit of that pioneer urge which has informed the great discoverers even more than the necessities of trade or the lure of conquest and treasure. The ventures of those great men who have broadened the horizons of their times are here told with a freshness and truth that cannot fail to charm young people who like to read of travel and splendid deeds. Some forty passages in the history of exploration are given. The reader follows the keels of the early navigators—Pytheas, Leif the Lucky, the sailors of Pharaoh Necho, Columbus, Magellan, Drake, and Captain Cook; journeys in the track of the conquering armies of Cæsar, Alexander, Cortez, and Pizarro; hunts for golden wealth in California and rough diamonds in South Africa; and encounters savagery on the Mountain of Apes and Plymouth Bay, in Russia and in equatorial Africa. But a good third of the book tells of the conquests of our twentieth century, dictated by scientific curiosity—excavation of royal tombs and the sites of vanished cities; battles with wind and ice at very caps of the earth with Peary, Scott, Shackleton, Amundsen, and Byrd; careful voyages under the direction of experienced scientists; undersea investigation into the mysteries of marine life; the valiant failures on the white slopes of Mt. Everest; and the flaming exploit of Lindbergh on his flight to Paris.

The awe of the explorers who for the first time saw the curious shows which a capricious Nature has afforded may be suggested when we read of those bizarre creations in such a book as "Strange Corners of the World." The author, J. E. Wetherell, has made a collection of what might be termed the knicknacks of geography. Thirty brief accounts are given of these wonders: the Great Barrier Reef, Mammoth Cave, the Giant's Causeway, Khyber Pass, the Sargossa Sea, the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, the Great Wall of China, the monasteries of Mt. Athos; islands as different as Iceland and Trinidad, Atlantis and Haiti; queer cities like Lhasa, Quito, Rabat, Agra; and outlandish peoples such as the black pygmies and the untamed Albanians. Folklore, geology, traveller's tales, and scientific documents have been ransacked to provide materials for these journeys in the unusual, the striking, the quaint; and these curios are sketched with a telling simplicity and regard for fact.

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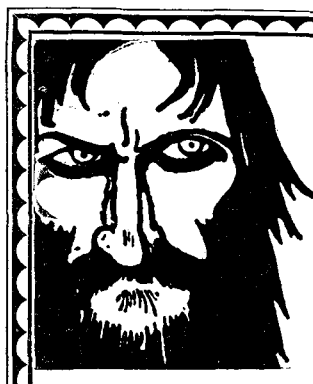

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Points of View

England and America

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

May I venture to take issue with both Philip Kerr and Walter Lippmann, whose discussion of Anglo-American relations seems to me to ignore the fundamental fact? Mr. Kerr's articles very frankly envisage some form of Anglo-American partnership. Mr. Lippmann's rejoinder, while disclosing his personal advocacy of such partnership, accurately asserts that such association is to-day unthinkable and then bases his own hope for better relations upon the arrival of a rough state of parity between the fleets of the two nations.

What seems to me the mistake in both cases is the failure to recognize that the difference between the two countries is profound, and that the naval issue, so far from being the occasion of the tension, is only one symptom of a very much more serious condition. In a word, I do not believe that differences over naval parity have produced Anglo-American tension, but that a profound divergence in British and American policies has revealed itself significantly in the naval detail.

To be precise, the naval incident is but one more, and perhaps the ultimate, circumstance in the War of the American Revolution. As a result of that war we did obtain domestic independence. Nevertheless on three subsequent occasions, in 1812, in 1861, and finally in 1914, British sea supremacy exercised an enormous influence upon American policy. We were forced to fight Britain in 1812, because the British used their sea power to prevent us from trading with their enemy. In 1861 and throughout the Civil War, British sea power very gravely hampered the Northern struggle to preserve the union. In the World War, British sea power made us an immediate, although reluctant, ally of the anti-German forces and, eventully, a belligerent on the Allied side.

The great naval programme of Woodrow Wilson in 1916 was actually and concededly undertaken to enable us to defend neutrality. Unfortunately for the Germans, they made us a belligerent before the naval programme could be realized. Nevertheless, the war over, American public opinion reverted to the Wilsonian conception of having sufficient naval strength to "wage" neutrality in case of any future European conflict.

But if the United States were to have a fleet so strong that it could automatically compel a belligerent Britain to regulate its conduct of war, not with respect of its necessities, but in accordance with American views of American neutral rights, it is perfectly clear that Britain might lose her war. If, as British policy assumes, the blockade is the single effective weapon of Britain in war and American sea power sufficed to hamper the use of that weapon, we are, in effect, insisting upon disarming the British in the face of their future enemies.

On the other hand, American opinion is, in my judgment, profoundly unconcerned with the consequences to Great Britain of its insistence upon the right and the power to defend its privileges as a neutral. It is just as firmly resolved not to find itself again, as in 1914-15, automatically put in the position of a real if not a declared ally of Britain. We are building our fleet with the deliberate purpose of being able in a new crisis to say to the British, "Win or lose, you must respect our rights."

Now this obviously presents a very grave problem for British statemanship. If we have the purpose to insist upon our rights and the power to enforce those rights, British security becomes instantly doubtful. Moreover, while it is true that we are not building our fleet against Britain, in the narrower sense, we are actually building our fleet against the British blockade. The effect of our policy is not to threaten Britain while she is at peace or challenge her directly, but to threaten her ability to fight someone else.

In such a situation what will British naval advisers say to their Government? Obviously, that if the American fleet is equal to the British, then the British fleet will be totally unable to fulfil its traditional mission save as it is permitted to do this by American governments. Thus it presents British statesmanship with the alternative, either of maintaining a supreme fleet by competitive building or of finding diplomatic means of insuring that an equal American fleet will never be used against Britain. Now, broadly speaking, Mr. Bridgeman for the Admiralty supports the former and Mr. Kerr the latter solution.

But the fact is patent that if either course prevails, then the purpose for which we are building our navy will not be realized. If the British can presuade us either by direct compact, by an interpretation of the Kellogg Pact, or by membership in the League of Nations, to pledge ourselves not to use our ships to defend our neutral rights, whenever such use would compromise British security, then they will, in reality, have preserved their situation and we shall have embarked upon a vast expenditure for ships for nothing.

Any such arrangement is, however, in my judgment utterly outside the range of possibilities because, as I have said, at bottom the campaign for ships results from a very deep American desire and resolution to be totally free from all possible restraint. No matter what the circumstances attending the entrance of Great Britain into war again, no matter who her antagonist, or what her case, we want to be in a position to compel her to respect our rights.

The effect of Mr. Kerr's proposals would be to transform the situation, existing by reason of physical circumstances in 1914, into a condition resulting from treaty agreement in the next crisis. Whereas we lacked the ships in 1914 and in 1812 to enforce neutrality and thus became in the first days of the World War an ally of the Allies, he would have us bound by treaty not to use our sufficient fleet for the same purpose.

What very few Americans see is that the effect of our policy must be to expose the British to very grave dangers, to destroy the old form of British security. But, on the other hand, what few Britons perceive is that the purpose of American public opinion is to possess the power to do this without regard to the consequences. And, unmistakably, these two policies are irreconcilable.

We are not going to build a fleet big enough to enable us to wage neutrality against Great Britain, which alone could challenge our rights, and then sign a treaty renouncing the use of that power for that purpose. We are not going to permit the Kellogg Pact to be tortured into such effect. We are not going to join the League and arrive at the same position.

When we have achieved parity, Britain will find herself in a position in which our sea power could easily and even decisively compromise her freedom of political action and limit the extent of her physical security. But on no other condition could we be insured against being again made the victims of British necessity. Either Britain is to a very considerable extent at our mercy, or we are at hers. And while the British shrink from the former situation, we are resolved to end the latter.

Mr. Kerr starts with the vast assumption that Britain could not possibly go to war again except under circumstances which would insure American approval and an American recognition that the foe of Britain was the aggressor, but no such thesis could find any large or general acceptance in the United States.

The actual difficulty in Anglo-American relations grows out of the fact that, while each is prepared to grant the other dominion status, neither is prepared to face the consequences of permitting the other to be master of its own security and its rights. Neither can possess that minimum of guarantee of its own rights and interests without compromising the situation of the other. Accommodation can only come through alliance, which is unthinkable to-day, or acceptance by one or the other of the two nations of the risks.

Our fleet is not a challenge to Britain, but the policy which the fleet expresses is the most deadly challenge Britain has known at least since Trafalgar, provided British defense still remains dependent upon the use of sea power as in the past. On the other hand, what can the British do? If we refuse to accept anything short of naval parity, as we see parity; if we decline to enter into any compact with Britain mortgaging the freedom of our action, the British must engage in a hopeless naval competition or accept the risks of American sea power.

The effect of the rise of the United States to world power has been to compromise the bases of British policy. The effect of American policy is to make British security dependent upon American will or interest hereafter. All this would be changed if there were an Anglo-American partnership as Mr. Kerr proposes, but the proposal is impossible because the mass of the American people are not concerned with British security, and are resolved to prevent British sea power from dragging us into Britain's European quarrels.

For two hundred years and more the rise of any nation to naval strength has rightly been regarded in Britain as a menace to its security to be met by war. British security has always been founded upon the principle of supremacy of the seas. Naval supremacy has not merely been a weapon of defense, but the means to maintain British influence in the world. Now, if we have an equal fleet and an independent policy, the right arm of Britain will be paralyzed. London will have to conform its actions to the decision of Washington, and that decision may be inimical in the extreme for British interests or even necessities.

In sum, whereas in 1776 we escaped British rule in North America, for nearly a century and a half thereafter we remained under the empire of British sea power in the world. The exercise of this sea power on three historic occasions gravely impaired American political liberty in the world. To-day, we have reached the point in national development at which we are resolved not to permit Britain to continue to exercise that influence over our action. The effect of that resolution is to shake the very foundations of British position in the world and to compromise British security at home.

But how on earth can you compromise such a quarrel, which is, in fact, the consequence of the collision of the deepest political instinct in each country? Each of us sees our position in the world in terms which are incompatible with the vital interests of the other. Agree upon naval parity and there remains the real problem as to what we mean to do with parity. In this situation, if war remains unthinkable, present adjustment is equally unthinkable. Solution must wait upon the recognition by one or the other of two nations that it is incapable of abolishing the purpose of the other and must accept it, with all the disquieting implications.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Abdullah Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

May I be permitted to answer some of the minor points to which Professor Martinovitch takes exception in his scholarly review of my "Lute and Scimitar"?

I spell my first name Achmed and not Ahmed simply because, among Pushtu-speaking Afghans, we strongly aspirate the *h* in Achmed so that it sounds like the Scotch *ch*, whereas we do not happen to aspirate the same *h* in the name Mohammed. As to the spelling of Barukzai instead of Barakzai we, like most Orientals, are rather careless about our vowels, the *u* often sounding like *a* and vice versa. I know that most of the Tarantchis migrated to Semiretchye, but there are still quite a few left about Kuldja, or were, at least, the last time I was there. I do not agree with Professor Martinovitch that Uzbeg is more a political than an ethnic term. The Uzbegs are the descendants, though to-day mixed with Tajik blood, of a tribe who, towards the end of the fourteenth century, invaded the fertile province of Mawar-oon-Nahr, the Kingdom of Bokhara, together with the Jatta, a tribe probably connected with the Massagetæ of earlier writers. Nor do I agree as to the sharp differentiation between Turks and Tartars. Our native scholars consider the two terms practically interchangeable. I also differ as to the translation of Atalyk Ghazi as Defender of Country. The name Atalyk Ghazi was conferred upon Yakoob Khan by the Amir of Bokhara, not in his character of temporal, but as spiritual leader, and signifies Guardian of the Religious Champions, or, in other words, Defender of the Faith. As to the autobiography of Tamerlane, I do not agree that it is a doubtful work, nor a forgery. I am at present engaged in making a translation of the same work, both from Moghul and Persian manuscripts, and, to me at least, it seems absolutely genuine. Finally, as to the *misras*, I restate, in spite of what the Professor says, that they are poems of the Afhgans, even though they are also known to Arabs and Persians. Not only that. They are furthermore known to the Balochis and the western Punjaubis; Professor Martinovitch will be able to find many a specimen of the latter in O'Brien's "Glossary of the Multani Language"—Wilson's revised edition, Lahore, 1903; and he will, furthermore, find them in Sindh, where they are known as *sanyaros*—see Sir Richard Burton's "Sindh"—1853.

ACHMED ABDULLAH.
New York.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING, No. 18. By H. RUSHBURY. New York: Edwin Rudge. 1928.

MASTERS OF THE COLOR PRINT, No. 4. By W. GILES. The same.

FIFTY PRINTS. Exhibited by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. The same.

These three albums, two of English, one of American manufacture, offer excellent reproductions which catch everything but that intangible bloom which is yielded only by the hand press in skilful and loving hands. Every student and collector must be grateful for such plates. In every case the text is merely an envoi, though Mr. Salaman's notes on Rushbury and Giles trace the general development of these artists.

Mr. Rushbury belongs to the austere school of which Muirhead Bone is the admitted chief. Rushbury finds his subjects, chiefly architectural, in old European cities, and is at his best when the forms themselves are simple and austere, as in his etching of the ruined fortress of Les Baux. The style itself has dangers of overelaboration on one hand and of emptiness on the other, and the desiderated austerity, as rarely in Bone himself, is sometimes on the perilous edge of mere dryness. Generally, Mr. Rushbury steers a true course between these reefs and offers a pondered and intelligent art, which, without much charm, inspires respect for its sound and fine craftsmanship.

In general, this reviewer has too deep a prejudice against the European color print to give any fair account of the work of W. Giles. He is undoubtedly dexterous in overprinting, whether with wood blocks or metal, but the feeling of the work is that of not very distinguished watercolors. There are picturesque things that one might like to frame and hang occasionally, like September Moon and The Last Gleam, Corsica, but there is nothing that a really difficult amateur would admit to the sanctuary of a prudently stocked portfolio.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts has the good habit of selecting the fifty best prints of the year, sending them on circulating exhibition, and commemorating the event by an album. This year it appears with a non-committal foreword by Rockwell Kent. The value of this yearly anthology for record and study is obvious and needs no emphasis. Last year was a lean one, with all the honors on the side of the wood engravers. Perhaps the best etchings are George Biddle's admirably humorous Bringing Home the Cows and John Taylor Arms's stately view of the Mangia tower through a Sienese archway.

Biography

PIONEER LIFE, *or*, THIRTY YEARS A HUNTER. By PHILIP TOME. Harrisburg, Pa.: Aurand Press. 1928. $7.50.

This reprint of a rare book is of interest to more than collectors. Tome lived in and knew well the Allegheny frontier in the few decades between the breakdown of the Indian races and the rush of settlement. He was a hunter, and his book is chiefly a record of hunting of elk and bear, with sidelights on the life of the pioneers, and valuable comments on the remnant of the Indian heroes. It is a source book for the mores of the fringe of the first frontier.

Fiction

THE CRIPPLED LADY OF PERIBONKA. By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Mr. Curwood died about a year and a half ago. A reading of "The Crippled Lady of Peribonka" suggests the possibility that it had not been finished at the time of his death. Such a suggestion is both charitable and plausible, for the narrative (it is no novel) is loose-jointed and far from perfectly proportioned. Only the most ingenuous readers will be satisfied by the progress of the action and by the development of the characters; most of us will feel that we are reading the rough outline of a work in progress.

Mr. Curwood, for reasons not easily discernible, puts himself in a position where he may justly be accused of trading upon the literary reputation of "Maria Chapdelaine." The setting of his story is the Chapdelaine country, and Maria herself appears for an instant. This momentary and blurred association of M. Héman's magnificent novel with "The Crippled Lady of Peribonka" is annoying. But when Mr. Curwood finally gets down to business and tells us about the great-hearted construction engineer, Paul Kirke; about his wife, Claire, who is selfishly unwilling to live humbly with her husband in the great Canadian wilderness; about the noble schoolteacher, Carla, who became the "crippled lady" through her melodramatic devotion to Paul —when Mr. Curwood tells us about these people he is brisk and occasionally entertaining. The great incident that results in the crippling of Carla is tolerably vivid, but the shadows of dulness quickly close in again. Telling a pretty legend and affixing to it a factitious beginning and ending do not constitute the writing of a novel.

HOW THE OLD WOMAN GOT HOME. By M. P. SHIEL. Macy-Masius. 1928. $2.50.

It is curious to find a "thriller" written in the apocalyptic manner of Carlyle, but Mr. Shiel's books have long been rather of a puzzle and this one, in particular, is just as bewildering to the critic as to the reader. The truth is that Mr. Shiel is one of those authors who cannot be classified: he has great, but ill-assorted, gifts, and he has developed a style which is positively shattering. Here, for example, is how morning announces itself to the dwellers of a lodging-house:

> At eight A. M. another tongue of a bell that travelled brabbled, clattering reveille, soaring as it travelled, floor after floor, like the tongue of a lark that prattling soars, and now it was twittering remote, but wilfully coming, and now was tonguing close and loud; and presently pounding at doors, to rout-out the drowsy ones.

As for the story itself, it is just as obscure as the style: vaguely formidable and unconvincing like a nightmare. Anybody who could follow intelligently the adventures of Hazlitt would have to be particularly clear-headed. And yet Mr. Shiel is obviously a man to be reckoned with. Only one feels that his true vocation now is to write prophetic books and not detective stories.

YET DO NOT GRIEVE. By CONAL O'RIODAN. Scribner's. 1928. $2.50.

Mr. Conal O'Riordan has here written a definitely impressive tale. It has a fine spaciousness, a surprising depth, a very real dignity. "Yet Do Not Grieve" tells of Ireland and England in the early 1800's and finally—of Waterloo. The young protagonist, one David Quinn, is no great character (indeed he is a little too ordinary to be continuously interesting), but he is the instrument for furthering events of undeniable magnitude and power. The novel is of the old school, Victorian in its virtues and purposes. Distinctly Mr. O'Riordan is a natural story-teller, for his narrative is always uppermost in his mind. But sympathetic with the moods of Mr. O'Riordan the narrator is Mr. O'Riordan the dramatist, the philosopher, the analyst of human conduct.

Memorable scenes abound. We could name many, but chief is the battle aftermath, the revelation of the ghastly necessity for David's mask. There is a splendid succession of excellences. Few novels capture the reader so harshly, yet so admirably.

A faint breath of mustiness, a vague air of old-fashioned detachment from life is occasionally noticeable. David's bashfulness and stupidity in love are not qualities that win our sympathy; the young girl, Ruth Irwin, is merely an agglomeration of "female" virtues; their love seems most anemic. Furthermore, David lacks individuality and sharp outlines. And if we search for further fault, it may perhaps be found in the ambling narrative that sometimes seems a little long. But these minor flaws do not hurt the real fineness of the work; they are usually obscured by shining virtues. And if we do see these flaws for an annoying moment, we quickly assure ourselves that they only add the quaintness that is properly inseparable from fiction old style when seen through our eyes of to-day.

THEY SAILED ON A FRIDAY. By T. C. PAYNTER. Longmans, Green. 1928. $2.

This Jack and Jill go across the Indian Ocean instead of up a hill, and they are after the jewel-studded image of Kali the Destroyer instead of a pail of water, but when it comes to falling down and breaking crowns there is little to choose between the nursery rhyme and the novel. Jack's name is really John Alfrey, and Jill's is not really Jill (although there is a real Jill in the story) but Pat Armstrong. John has been left by a pearl-poaching uncle the location of the stolen image originally designed by some long-dead repentant rajah for the great Kali-Ghat. John, Pat, and a crew set out, and if they miss any possible adventure or misfortune you will never realize it as you read. The mysteries, dangers, and superstitions peculiar to the East vie with the "acts of God" familiar in the West in furnishing obstacles for the valiant Englishmen to battle with. The book ends with Jack and Jill still alive and still in love, which, after all, is little short of a miracle. "They Sailed on a Friday" is a virile adventure yarn, and Mr. T. C. Paynter seems to know his weird material and background as well as if they grew in his own garden.

DARKENED ROOMS. By PHILIP GIBBS. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

The "darkened rooms" of Mr. Gibbs's novel are those gloomy chambers where voices from the spirit world are summoned into communication with the living. In the house of Emery Jago, an obsessed psychic, Rose Jaffrey and Adrian Mallard first become aware of the spiritual ties which will bind them together always. Between the two there is a love that has never known passion, and to Adrian, who has just received a death sentence from his doctor, the thought of such a preternatural link gives to their pledge of eternal love a marvelous assurance. To Jago, their presence at his séance has another significance, for he recognizes in Rose the woman whom it has been foretold him he will possess. After Adrian's death, he preys on her, bearing messages from the dead man; he finally declares that Mallard's spirit inhabits his body and that she must marry him. Unable to believe him wholly or wholly to disbelieve, Rose drowns herself, remembering the words that were written by the moving glass: Love has no death and spirits meet across the bridge.

Mr. Gibbs has not aimed so much at an exposé of spiritualism as he has attempted to show our susceptibility to its influence. It is not so significant that the scientist, Boyd, catches Jago in a fraud when he pretends that Mallard has returned in the flesh, as it is that Boyd confesses: "In another moment I myself would have believed that Mallard was there in the room." From this cruel perplexity, Rose chooses the only possible way to free herself. The theme of the novel is quite in advance of the author's skill in presenting it. He has found it easier to load his characters and his situations with useless paraphernalia than to integrate his argument and to dispense with all but pertinent details. We are impatient with his plaintiveness and evident avoidance of force. In suggestiveness and insight, "Darkened Rooms" has far more to offer than by way of craftsmanship.

SHADOWED. By *Hilaire Belloc*. Harpers. $2.50.
THE GOLDEN SQUAW. By *Will Whalen*. White Squaw Press, Ortanna, Adams Co., Pa. $2.
WAR PAINT. By *Dane Coolidge*. Dutton. $2.50
PLUCK THE FLOWER. By *John Brophy*. Dutton. $2.50.
THE YOUNG LOVERS. By *H. C. Bailey*. Dutton. $2.50.
QUARTET. By *Jean Rhys*. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.
ROGUES IN CLOVER. By *Percival Wilde*. Appleton. $2.
RHODE ISLAND TALES. Edited by *Henriette B. Palmer*. Purdy.
BLOODY GROUND. By *Fiswoode Tarleton*. Dial. $2.
YOUNG ENTRY. By *M. J. Farrell*. Holt. $2.
WILLOW SMOKE. By *Ethel Kirk Grayson*. Vinal.
PEEVEE. By *Fred Jacob*. Macmillan.
AT THE VILLA ROSE. By *A. E. W. Mason*. Scribners. $2.50.
THE BROKEN ROAD. By *A. E. W. Mason*. Scribners. $2.50.
SIMPLE PEOPLE. By *Archibald Marshall*. Brentanos. $2.
THE TRUE HEART. By *Sylvia Townsend Warner*. Viking. $2.50.
HITOPADESA. Translated by *Francis Johnson*. Stokes.

Travel

ON MEDITERRANEAN SHORES. By EMIL LUDWIG. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. Little, Brown. 1929. $3.50 net.

Mr. Ludwig's volume enshrines the impressions of a traveler whose background of knowledge was rich enough to enhance his enjoyment, and whose enjoyment depended no more on the connotations of the scenes through which he passed than on appreciation of natural beauty and interest in the picturesque. His volume, indeed, in view of his primary preoccupations, is remarkably little concerned with historical and biographical associations. It is an enthusiastic, but a discerningly enthusiastic, portrayal of places and objects, infused with love of nature and art, discriminating in its emphasis, vivid in its pictorial quality.

Mr. Ludwig, as might have been ex-

(*Continued on next page*)

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Travel

(*Continued from the preceding page*)

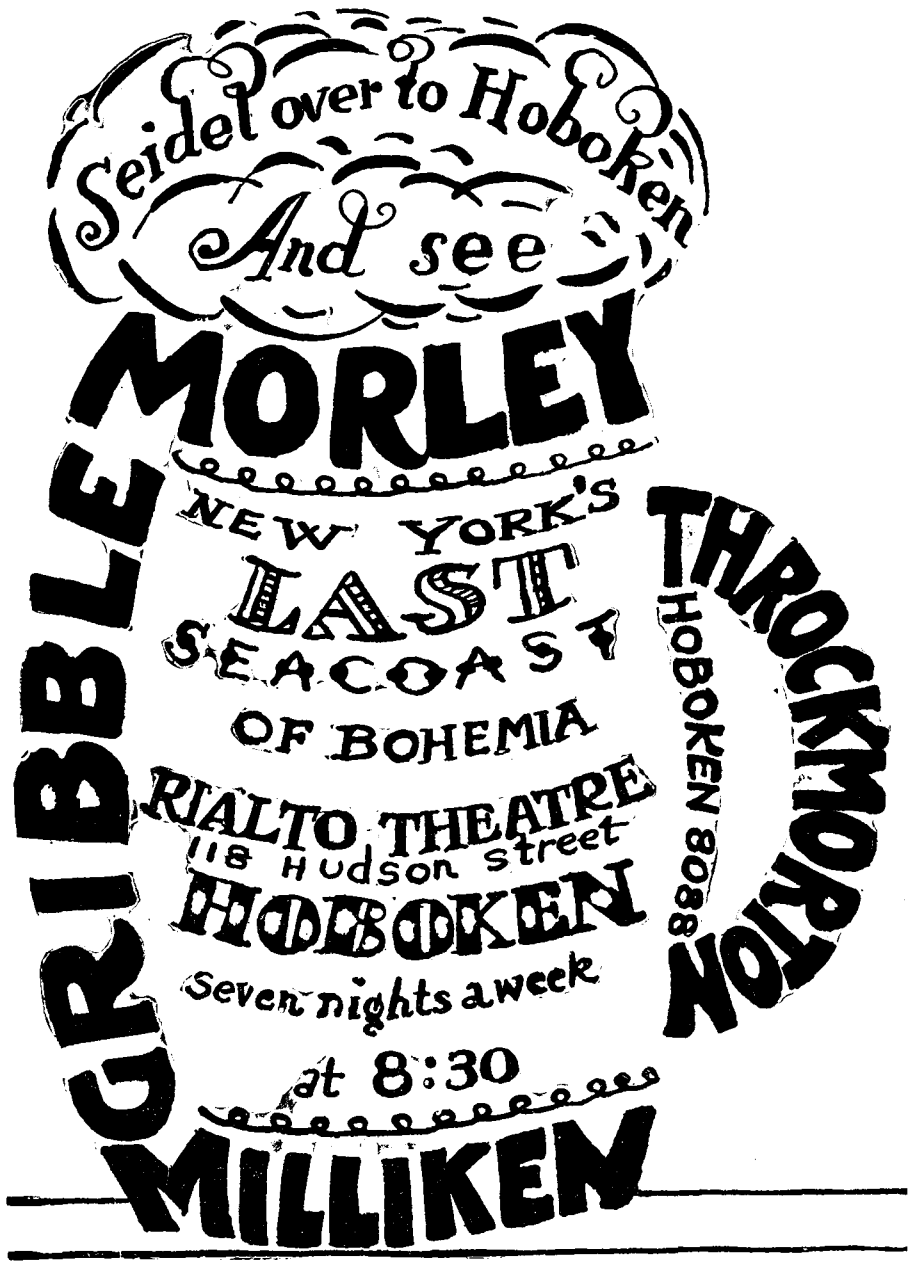
pected, is adept in the choice of detail and lively in its depiction; he passes from city to countryside, from temple to statue, with an eye equally keen for the complex or the simple, the large or the small. He intersperses his description with enough of comment upon persons and enough of quotation and interpretation to give animation and suggestiveness to his narrative. Never searching or far-reaching in it, he is never trivial and always interesting, consistently able to invest his sketches of Italy, Sicily, the African shore, and Egypt with freshness as well as color. His German original has been translated into a fluent and delightful English by Eden and Cedar Paul.

Brief Mention

If "civilized man cannot live without cooks," neither, to judge from their frequent appearance, can civilized woman live without cook books. Here are two more before us, one from the Chicago University Press, which, as befits its dignified sponsors, enters into the chemistry of gastronomic science, and the other, issued by Knopf, which departs from the purely expository methods of most cookery manuals to be pleasantly discursive in its preliminary chapters. The first, "Hows and Whys of Cooking" ($2), by Evelyn G. Halliday and Isabel T. Noble, is, as it were, a rationale of cooking, setting forth not merely results but causes. Thus, the housewife who studies it will discover that a pinch of soda added to green vegetables when cooking will preserve their color and why, or that steaming preserves nutrients more than boiling, and for what reason, or why it is that muffins to be successful demand rapid work. She will find in the book, too, careful instructions as to methods of work, and a number of well-chosen recipes. The reader of "Dinners Long and Short," by A. H. Adair, will be entertained by the lively introductory pages by Sheila Kaye-Smith (who weighs English cookery against French with a seriousness that may give Americans pause), and by the enthusiastic reminiscences of Marcel Boulestin which preface the discussion of wines and the gastronomic calendar which in their turn precede the menus and recipes. Both books should prove useful additions to the kitchen shelf.

The lover of French cooking is undoubtedly also the lover of France and so will be interested in the informed account of one of its distinctive sections which Sisley Huddleston presents in "Normandy" (Doubleday, Doran: $3 net). Mr. Huddleston's book projects town and building against a background of history, fills in detail with some completeness, and introduces occasional comment on persons and customs. It is less generally descriptive of people and scenes, however, than is either of the other two travel books before us,—"In Java," by John C. Van Dyke (Scribners: $2.50), a sort of travel journal chronicling a trip to and through the island, with lively portrayal of scenery, native life and character, and some account of the fauna and flora of the region, and "Bermuda Days," by Bertha March (Revell: $1.75). The latter volume is a somewhat rhapsodical description of what its author terms the "Happy Island," with, however, a great deal of concrete detail to lend it value to the visitor to Bermuda. It is, in fact, an informal guide book to the region, containing information as to shops, housekeeping possibilities, etc., not easily to be found elsewhere in such specific form.

Far removed in subject matter from the preceding volumes are the last two in the now dwindled heap before us. One of them is a lavishly illustrated work, "Shades of Our Ancestors," by Alice Van Leer Carrick (Little, Brown: $5 net), a study of the art of the silhouette in America, and incidentally a chronicle of the lives of its leading practitioners into which is woven considerable general social and historical material. The large number of pictures which embellish its pages are interesting as well as charming. The other volume to be noted is a compendium of distinctly practical value,—a collection of papers, written by representative women, outlining "Careers for Women" (Doubleday, Doran: $3 net). The editor, Doris E. Fleischman, has chosen her contributions well on the whole, and they have presented with varying degrees of excellence findings in a wide variety of occupations. Their analysis enters into the opportunities open to women in business and the professions, requirements of personality and equipment, the difficulties attendant upon pursuit of any given vocation, and the methods most likely to lead to success.



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Catalogue of a Selection of Incunabula from over 150 Presses. Parts 1, 2, and 3. With introductions by Lathrop C. Harper, Lawrence C. Wroth, and Margaret B. Stillwell. New York: L. C. Harper (8 West 40th Street). 1927, 1929. $1.

MR. HARPER'S Catalogue, three parts of which have already appeared—it is to be complete in five—represents not only an immense amount of knowledge and labor, but an intense, personal enthusiasm for a special type of book that, in spite of everything, will scarcely ever become known intimately to large numbers of collectors. There is nothing simple and easy about an incunabulum; nothing that can be remembered instantly, or taken for granted about its bibliography. The volumes of Hain, Copinger, and Proctor that have to be used for identifications are forbidding, to say the least, to the inexperienced, even when the initial barrier of language has been successfully passed over. A few persons may have a bowing acquaintence with Cicero and Vergil, acquired rather against their wills, and limited largely to unhappy recollections, and one or two catch-phrases, or they may have heard of the "Imitatio Christi," but a passionate intelligence on the subject of Diodorus Siculus or Pomponius Mela is seldom to be expected except in rarified atmospheres. In comparison with the greater number of these volumes, the works of Thomas Lupset and Roger Ascham lose their former remoteness, and assume the appearance of old friends.

The present catalogue is an excellent piece of work in every way, well written, informative, and so unusually intelligent that the horrors of some recent examples of current auction practice can be obliterated by its serene literacy. Miss Lone makes quite clear through the agency of her notes that it is still possible to be exciting without raving, and to be emphatic without using indiscriminate superlatives. She gives collations, brief descriptions of the individual books and their printers, comments on the authors—in these instances, almost a necessity—and ends with references to her bibliographical sources. The work is done satisfactorily, and the reader has found out whatever he most desires to know.

It is only fair to Mr. Harper and to Miss Lone to recommend the entire catalogue, not only to collectors of incunabula, but to all those others who enjoy, and profit by, the reading of booksellers' lists: no one person can do more than give the barest outline of what may prove interesting to others. Joannes Andrea's "Arbor Consanguinitatis," Vienna, 1500, a rare specimen of early Viennese printing: Robertus de Caraccioli's "Sermones," 1479, the first issue of the first edition, finely printed by the third typographer of Nuremberg: Horace's "Opera," Florence, 1482, with the Christopher Landini commentary: Martial's "Epigrammata," Venice, 1480, the title-book of the rare "1480 Martial" Press, from which only three books were issued: at least five editions of Werner Rolewinck's "Fasciculus temporum": Albertus de Saxonia's "De Proportionibus," Padua, 1487, a very rare edition of this arithmetical work: Leonardus Bruni Aretinus's "De Bello Italico Aduersus Gothos," Venice, 1471, Nicholas Jenson: "Revelationes Sanctae Brigittae," Nuremberg, 1500, Koberger, the second Latin edition: Clericus de Crescentino's "In Epistolas Ciceronis Commentum," Treviso, 1480, Manzolinus: Franchinus Gaforus's "Practica Musicæ," Brescia, 1497: Petrus Ravennas's "Artificiosa Memoria," Venice, 1491, a very early book on mnemonics: Seneca's "Proverbia et de Moribus," probably Paris, about 1493, apparently the only copy known: Æneas Sylvius's "De Duobus Amantibus," probably Cologne, about 1473, a rare and early edition of this love story: Applanus's "Soliloquia Abbatis," Cremona, 1496, the second book from the Darlerius press: Bonvicinus de Ripa's "Vita Scholastica," Venice, 1495, apparently the only copy in this country: Juvencus's "Quatuor Evangelia, Hexametris Versibus," printed at the second press of Richard Pafraet at Deventer about 1490; "Mons. Pro Monte Pietatis Consilia," an early work on pawnshops: Franciscus Philelphus's "Satyræ Hecatosticon," Milan, 1476; Theramo's "Belial," Augsburg, 1472, the first dated Latin edition of this work.

G. M. T.

Auction Sales Calendar

Sotheby, London. February 25-26. The Gosse Library. Part 3. A further selection from the library of the late Sir Edmund Gosse. Addison; Sir William Alexander's "Paræneſis to the Prince," 1604; Mrs. Behn; Boccaccio's "Falles of . . . Princes," 1554; Browning; Mrs. Browning's "The Seraphim," 1838, with a leaf of the original manuscript, inserted; Coleridge; Congreve; Cowley; Dryden; Gay's "Shepherd's Week," 1714; Gray "Poems," Dublin, 1756, the only known copy of the earliest unillustrated collection of these; Pope; Prior; Shelley; Shirley's "Poems," 1646; an unusually large collection of Stevenson, including many presentation copies with long inscriptions; a long series of Swinburne items, many of them presentation or association copies; Jeremy Taylor; Tennyson; and George Wither's "Vox Pacifica," 1645.

American Art Association. February 26. First editions of Charles Dickens and Modern Authors from the library of Thomas Hatton. Presentation copy of the first English edition of Hans Andersen's "To Be, Or Not To Be?" London, 1857, to Wilkie Collins; Barrie, including a copy of "Scotland's Lament," of which only twelve copies were privately printed for Mr. T. J. Wise; one hundred and fifteen Dickens items including "The Village Coquettes," 1836, two sets of "Pickwick" in parts, the only known complete set of the "Penny Pickwick"; Galsworthy, including "From the Four Winds," 1897, and the "Villa Rubein," 1900; nine letters of George Robert Gissing, and the original corrected typescript of his story, "Joseph"; "Tom Brown's School Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford," 1857-1861; eleven novels by Julia Pardoe who seems to make her American début in this sale, London, 1824-1848, all of them presentation copies; Shaw's own copy of Locke's "Essay Concerning Human Understanding," with his marginal annotations; the copy of his "Quintessence of Ibsenism" used by him for the second and revised edition, and a large number of especially interesting firsts, including many corrected proof copies, and a presentation copy of Trollope's "Orley Farm," 1862, to his cousin.

G. M. T.

ALTHOUGH it has been known generally for many years that two issues exist of volume one of Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," no one hitherto has been aware that the same situation exists with regard to volume two of the same work. Copies of the first edition of this volume, published in 1906, have a cancel title-page which, up to the present, has remained undiscovered, owing apparently to cancellation in the sheets before binding. A single copy of the book with the title-page in its uncanceled state, and dated 1905, has turned up in the Library of the Phillips Exeter Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire, and has thus brought about this latest addition to Hardy bibliography. A transcript of the Exeter title-page follows.

Recto: The Dynasts/ A drama/ Of The Napoleonic Wars,/ In Three Parts, Nineteen/ Acts, & One Hundred And/ Thirty Scenes/ By/ Thomas Hardy/ Part Second/ *And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,/ And trumpets blown for wars.*/ London/ Macmillan and Co., Limited/ New York: The Macmillan Company/ 1905/ *All rights reserved.*/

Verso: *Copyright in the United States of America.*

It will be seen that the cancel title-page differs from this not only in the date, but in the absence of the period after "reserved,"

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and the absence of any legend on the verso. From typographical evidence, imperfect letters, and other things, it is clear, however, that the cancel title is not a resetting. The Exeter copy is in the American binding. Although Part First was entirely reset in America for the American edition, Part Second and Part Third were printed in England, and the sheets sent to this country for binding without alteration. G. M. T.

Addled Eggs

Or, Our Own Phœnix Nest

IF you want to see what the glorious California sun will do for writers' cramp, dip into "John Henry Nash, the Aldus of San Francisco," printed "for the joy of the doing" by the San Francisco Bay Cities Club of Printing House Craftsmen. The comparison of San Francisco with Venice is tenderly done, and the reference to the "many beautiful women" who respond to the voluptuous air of the Venice of the west and yet respect the cardinal virtues ought to make this book a sought-for classic. . . . Within the week have come two brochures advertising "modernistic" type in what is apparently thought to be "modernistic" ways. The results are amusing and pitiful. They emphasize the imitative capacities of American manufacturers and the inability to grasp more than the superficial elements of modernistic design. Well might the cleverer German say: "They copied all they could follow, but they couldn't copy my mind, And I left 'em sweating and stealing, a year and a half behind." . . . This Column will soon get the reputation of "crabbing" at the cost of books in true academic fashion, but I cannot refrain from protesting the general scheme of the "gesture of splendor" (a fine phrase from a contemporary review of the books) which is the Malahide Boswell. The typography and the printing are beyond cavil, but the books are terribly thin as to contents and vastly over-priced. That they will sell I do not doubt: that such a grandiose publishing scheme is legitimate I also doubt. R.

Dickens, according to Ralph Straus, is an instance of a man with an ambition to succeed in another art than his own. He wished to write plays, and above all to act in them. He tried and nearly succeeded in going on to the stage as a professional, and one of his first requests to his publishers was that they publish his first and never-written farce.

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It is fitting that today's issue of *The Inner Sanctum* leads off with a quotation from *Believe It Or Not!*

As these lines are written the weekly order total for *The Art of Thinking* [so help us ERNST AND ERNST, Robert L. Ripley, and the American Booksellers Association] represents a new high-water-mark for all time—4968 copies.

In six days *The Art of Thinking* orders exceeded the first MONTH'S total *twelve fold*, and almost equalled the entire December figure, which first sky-rocketed ABBE DIMNET'S book into first place on the non-fiction best-seller lists.

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Epilogue: 7th printing. . .

GOSSIP!

The secret of the authorship of *The Technique of the Love Affair* has at last been revealed . . . *The Inner Sanctum* knows, but will not Tell All until after St. Valentine's Day. . . *Believe It Or Not*, RIPLEY'S non-fiction best-seller has just finished its biggest week—1654 copies, or more than 75 copies ahead of the previous high record . . . *The Inner Sanctum* has received the translation of FRANZ WERFEL'S new novel *Class Reunion*, which has achieved sensational sales in Europe and has already been nominated for the Nobel prize by your correspondent. . . A book by JOHN COWPER POWYS will be published by *The Inner Sanctum* this Spring... It is a novel of the English countryside, and has already been compared by so discerning a critic as EDWARD GARNETT with the best of THOMAS HARDY and DOSTOIEVSKI ...The title is *Wolf Solent*... Probably the only bookmen in America who have not thrown a tea in five years of publishing are

—ESSANDESS

THE PHOENIX NEST

PIONEER America is still a rich source of material for writers of all kinds. The latest to delve therein is *Sydney Greenbie*, whose "Frontiers and the Fur Trade" will be published next Thursday by the John Day Company. Greenbie has already written on Japan and the East. He has always covered the actual ground to make his observations and draw his conclusions. Today he is touring the world as President of the Floating University. For "Frontiers and the Fur Trade" he went many thousand miles through Canada and the Northwest. Not the least attractive feature of his book are the old-time illustrations, and such chapter heads as "Fishermen Catch a Continent," "Route to China Beset by Beavers," "Zions and Sodoms in the Wilderness," "Bestiaries and Nature Fakers," and "Silk Hats and Tall Stories," whet the mental appetite. . . .

Lloyd Morris's "Procession of Lovers," Harcourt, Brace, is biography with a difference. He revivifies for us *Sappho, Mary Magdalene*, the *Borgias*, the *Empress Theodora, Heloise* and *Abelard*, "*La Grande Mademoiselle*," etc., through stories told of them by a group of moderns in a Riviera villa. He will be remembered for his book on *Hawthorne*. His writing has charm and color. He achieves effective atmosphere. His book makes us think of the brilliant recreations of *Marcel Schwob*. . . .

Twenty-five years ago *Charles W. Chesnutt* was the most remarkable of negro writers. His "The Conjure Woman" has just been reprinted by Houghton Mifflin, in a new edition with a foreword by *Joel Elias Spingarn*. It comes at a time when the Negro has contributed largely to contemporary prose fiction and poetry. It will not, we venture to say, suffer by comparison with the best the dark artists are giving us to-day. . . .

The Viking Press tells us that a first novel by *Jonathan Leonard*, "Back to Stay," had been so often rejected by other publishers that the author finally printed it himself. A copy drifted into the Viking workshop, somebody read it, and now they have given it regular publication. It is said to be a first novel of unusual promise. . . .

Laura Riding and *Robert Graves*, of the Seizin Press, 35a St. Peter's Square, Hammersmith, London,—each, as you know well, an author in her and his own right,—send us a letter saying:

We notice that we have annoyed you by a misquotation from Browning about God being in his Heaven and all being right or well with the world. How do you know that we didn't do it to annoy? (*Ph*: We know darn well. We could hardly suspect two such eminents of any such silliness. There would have been no point to it.) We also notice that you are bothered by our phrase "necessary books by various particular people." You think it vague. Particular people are not vague but indeed very particular, and for a particular person to write a necessary book is very very particular. And when there is a possibility of various particular people writing various necessary books, and of their being printed, nothing could be less vague or more very very very particular than to announce this, with details of format and price.

Yes, but "necessary" to whom? "Necessary," why? In whose opinion "necessary"? even if very very very very very very particular? And is the person particular merely by virtue of being a person or by virtue of being particular concerning something? It is very very very very very necessary that we know this. . . .

The Boston Society for Psychic Research at 346 Beacon Street asks us to assist a scientific inquiry now in progress and sends us a blank to fill out. We don't know whether we have had any psychic experiences. We *think* we have had an experience or two, but we consider that that is our own business. Such a compilation as the Boston Society's does not seem to us to get much of anywhere. . . .

There's a new *Agatha Christie* mystery story coming from Dodd, Mead, the March selection (by the way) of The Detective Story Club. It is called "The Seven Dials Mystery." We hope it is better than "The Blue Train" and as good as "Roger Ackroyd." We always root for Agatha Christie on general principles, because we have greatly enjoyed a number of her books. . . .

Delane Brown of 1501 Guilford Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, tells us: "Now you can enjoy delicious Shad Roe and Bacon right in your own home." We couldn't, because we can't cook. But if you wish to look into the matter we have given you the address above. If more authors would eat shad roe and bacon more authors would eat shad roe and bacon. And, as a matter of fact, shad roe and bacon are very good things to eat; and contented authors should give us better fiction. But would they? . . .

There's an exhibition on at the Art Center, 65 East 56th Street, of "Beautiful Hands in Photographic Art," for the Procter and Gamble Prize. We suppose the hands were all washed with Ivory Soap. . . .

Leslie P. Sawn sends us a letter, from which we excerpt the following:

I am so delighted to have explained to me the why and wherefore of the change in size of all or at least a lot of the better class of monthly magazines. What a service *Mr. Norris* has done me with his slightly superior letter. Please ask him to explain, however, the reason why *Liberty* has shrunk rather than grown. My greatest disappointment was with *The Living Age*, which has ever been such a splendid pocket piece. Now it is perhaps better in a way but it flops all over the place. And will you or Mr. Norris please explain to me why the advertisers and not the readers are the ones to be pleased with the format of a magazine?

Quite some time ago you spoke of your relish of museums and of copies of pictures, or at least the postal size prints which are to be purchased there. I realize that it is considered very good form to look down from Manhattan heights upon the lowly city of Philadelphia. And yet I am sure that if you felt that you were going to be bored some Saturday and should take a train to the City of Brotherly Love you would find the new Museum on the Parkway very interesting to say the least. You doubtless are already informed of the lovely way in which all art forms of a period are coördinated and harmonized in a manner somewhat like that of the American Wing at the Metropolitan. Then, too, the new library is quite close and would interest you I am sure. There is always some sort of an exhibition on hand there and some of the treasures of *Dr. Rosenbach* reach a wider public through his kindness in the form of loan exhibitions.

But, to wind up the day I should suggest that you join the line which forms on the left hand side of Locust Street above Broad at anywhere from three to five-thirty o'clock, according to the weather conditions and the program conditions, and hear the orchestra under *Stokowski* from the amphitheatre. The crowd in line would enchant you. All sorts and kinds of accents. I have been a member of that line for the last six or seven years and each week it is a new delight to meet the same friends which in many cases are never seen anywhere else and talk music and books and a little art with them there.

And *Father Will Whalen* laments the fact that the *Saturday Review* printed the title of *Diana Patrick's* "See My Shining Palace" as "See My Shivering Palace," in their Classified List of books received. Also, he avers, *Richard Dehan* was referred to as *Mr.* Richard Dehan,—being really *Miss Clotilde Graves*. . . .

Steven T. Byington, of Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, contributes to a discussion recently held in this column as follows:

You raise the question of the pronunciation of *Dowson's* Cynara. Dowson gets the name out of *Horace*.

Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ,

and a British man of letters like Dowson would certainly not have accented a syllable other than that to which the scanning of Horace's line leads him. Also, unless I am quite out of date in my notions of English university pronunciation, he would have made this C soft whether he thought it intrinsically euphonious or not. Therefore *Sin*-ara.

Some years ago when Synura was making the water supply of New York taste badly, *Christopher Morley* punned the Synura with Dowson's Cynara, thereby implying that the syllable in which the two have different vowels is unaccented. I have nothing to say in favor of Morley's accentuation of Synura, but on Cynara I think he was accurate.

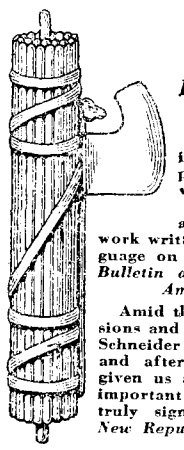
You will probably, in view of all this discussion in the newspapers recently, be wishing to hunt up the works of that British astronomer whose discoveries played a part in the formulation of *Einstein's* theories. In that case you can obtain *A. S. Eddington's* "The Nature of the Physical World" from The Macmillan Company for three seventy-five. . . .

How's your old Quantum Theory?

THE PHŒNICIAN.

THE SUMERIANS
By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY

IN this book Professor Woolley, one of the world's foremost archaeologists, shows quite clearly that when Egyptian civilization began, the civilization of the Sumerians had already flourished for at least 2000 years. The idea that Egypt was the earliest civilization has been entirely exploded. The book will appeal to every one interested in the early history of man. For the last eight years, C. Leonard Woolley, as leader of the joint expedition of the University of Pennsylvania Museum and the British Museum, has directed important excavations on the site of Ur, the famous city of the Chaldees long buried in the desert sand of Mesopotamia. Professor Woolley is coming to America early in March, to deliver a series of lectures. Price $2.50



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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

R. J. K., St. Mary's Seminary, Perryville, Mo., has been lately reading historical sketches concerning the City of New Orleans, and has been especially interested in Lyle Saxon's "Fabulous New Orleans," lately published by the Century Co. He asks if the books named in its bibliography (sending a list) are still obtainable.

MOST of them are now available only in historical collections, but "General Butler in New Orleans," by James Parton, is still in print (Houghton Mifflin: $5). and the most important of them all, the two books by Grace King, are still in demand, having gone into new editions. These are "New Orleans, the Place and the People" (Macmillan: $2.50), and "Creole Families of New Orleans" (Macmillan: $4), remarkable contributions to our national life-story. Among books not in this bibliography I notice a pamphlet, "Municipal History of New Orleans," published by Johns Hopkins; "Sherwood Anderson and Other Famous Creoles," Pelican Bookshop, Royal Street, New Orleans; a collection of "Impressions of Old New Orleans," by Arnold Genthe (Doran: $5), and "The Ursulines in New Orleans," by H. C. Semple (Kenedy: $5).

B. M. C., New York, asks for the pronunciation of Peder and of Beret, two characters in the noble new book by Rolvaag, "Peder Victorious," the sequel to "Giants in the Earth" (Harpers).

AS nearly as I can get the sound of this e into some sort of notation, it is the *a grave* of the French. Bearing this in mind, one may call them *Pay*-der and *Bay*-ret. *N. H. R., A. and M. College, Mississippi,* asks who Fernan d'Amador is and where one may get information about his work. Mention is made of Fernan Félix de Amador, the Argentine writer and poet, in the *English Bulletin* issued by the Pan American Union, August, 1928, in an article on page 835, entitled "Modern Argentine Poetry." A number of articles by Amador are published in *Caras y Caretas,* an illustrated magazine of Buenos Aires. *A. G., New York City,* rushes to the rescue of Spenser, whose spelling suffered, it appears, under the hand of the correspondent who sent in a quotation fom the "Faerie Queene" for inscription on that library wall. Here is his copy of the passage typed from Pickering's edition; I pray the compositor to treat it with peculiar care:

O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile:
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde;
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In from paine and wearisome turmoyle.

That is so lovely in its appropriate dress that I have pasted the typed copy up on my own library wall—but if it goes on the library wall in Pennsylvania I can see some children getting low marks on their spelling-lessons.

E. P. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., can find plenty of information about the trouble caused by the stamps concerned in the Stamp Act of 1765, but not even a description by which he can determine what these stamps looked like.

I WONDER how many of us, confronted with such a request, would turn first to "The Pageant of Civilization: World Romance and Adventure as Told by Postage-Stamps," by F. B. Warren (Century), that grand picture-book of philately? It might sound promising, that sub-title, till we were abashed by the remembrance—or the discovery—that the postage-stamp entered history in 1840 "with a one-penny black adhesive bit of paper bearing the likeness of the girlish Queen Victoria," while King George III's crowned monogram was the center of the excitement of 1765. The only picture I could find is on page 480 of the second volume of Albert Bushnell Hart's "Commonwealth History of Massachusetts," now being published by the States History Co., 156 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. This shows both sides of the stamp, just as it looks on the originals in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where it is "stamped in" like a seal.

And speaking of stamps, L. P. S., Paulsboro, N. J., would become a collector if he could find a book, not too expensive, that would instruct a beginner in the art of forming a postage-stamp collection, but those that he has seen are too technical and take too much knowledge for granted.

THE simplest of all is "The Young Collector," by Wheeler McMillin (Appleton), prepared to meet the urge that impels children to collect something—in this case things as diverse as coins, stamps, Indian relics, dolls, flowers, and shells with as little money as properly brought-up children have to spend. The guide for grown-ups that takes the least for granted is "The Stamp Collector," by Stanley Johnson (Dodd, Mead), a popular and useful introduction. "Chats on Postage Stamps," by Frederick J. Melville (Stokes), is another favorite guide: several pamphlets by the same author are published by the Severn-Wylie Co., Beverley, Mass., including "Stamps Worth Fortunes." "Peeps at Postage-Stamps," by S. C. Johnson (Macmillan), has colored illustrations, and "The Wonderland of Stamps," by W. D. Burroughs (Stokes), tells for young people the stories connected with animals, flowers, and personages pictured on foreign stamps.

O. E. W., Gambier, O., asks for all there is in English by or about Pushkin.

"PUSHKIN," by Prince Mirsky (Dutton), is the only book I know in English given entirely to the great Russian poet; this is one of the "Republic of Letters" series, and an admirable presentation of the life and work of the writer whom Gogol called "the Russian man in the process of development, as he will be, say, two hundred years from now," "now" being in the forties. No other Russian writer has been so carefully studied; the literature of Pushkinism is enormous, little of it, however, being accessible to the American reader.

Of his works, "Boris Godunov" is published by Dutton, the "Prose Tales" are in Bohn's Popular Library (Harcourt, Brace), and three tragic scenes with the collective title "Love and Death," in the volume of "Plays of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio" (Brentano's). The dramatic fragment, "Mozart and Salieri," appeared in *Poet Lore* in 1920, "Don Juan" in the *Slavonic Review,* 1927, vol. 5, and in libretto-form we have "Boris," "Coq d'Or," and "Eugen Onegin," while Pushkin is represented by selections in Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature." I never found a translation of any of his lyric poems that at all satisfied my Russian friends, who commiserate the rest of the world on the loss of beauty essentially untranslatable. All the standard works on Russian literature deal with him, the *South Atlantic Quarterly,* Durham, N. C., had an article about him in January, 1926, and there is one in the collection of essays by C. H. Herbert, "The Post-War Mind of Germany" (Oxford University Press), while he figures in Dostoievsky's "Pages from the Journal of an Author," which was published by Luce in 1916.

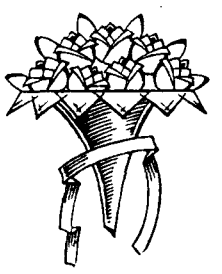
E. R. C., Philadelphia, Pa., asks about a periodical *Now and Then,* to which she has seen a reference. It is a periodical "of books and personalities, published occasionally from 30 Bedford Square, London, by Jonathan Cape" at fourpence a copy; sending two-and six brings six issues "as and when they appear," which seems now to be quarterly. The winter number has among other reviews one of uncommon vivacity, by Naomi Mitchison, of the biography "Mary, Queen of Scots" by Margarete Kurlbaum-Siebert, which in a spirited translation by Mary Agnes Hamilton has just been published here by Harcourt, Brace, and a grand book to keep you reading it is, too. Speaking of literary personalities, Harcourt, Brace has just published a hundred copies of a little book, "The Bloomsbury Group," with photographs and appreciations of Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, and other members of that charmed circle. And speaking of magazines wanted, *D. H. P., Pensacola, Fla.,* wants one for electro-plating; there are two concerned with this industry, *Brass World and Plater's Guide,* monthly, 11 Cliff Street, N. Y., and *The Metal Industry,* monthly, 99 John Street, N. Y., with which is incorporated several magazines including the *Electro-Plater's Review.* D. H. P. also wishes a dictionary of chemical terms that would apply to electro-plating: I do not know of one especially for this purpose, but the little "Dictionary of Chemical Terms," by J. F. Crouch, published by Van Nostrand, includes terms used in electro-plating. *J. L. W., Brooklyn,* asks if there is any English translation of the critical works of Lemaître. "Literary Impressions" of Jules Lemaître, translated by A. W. Evans, was published by D. O. Connor, London, in 1920; the essays include France, Bourget, Renan, Zola, Loti, Neo-Hellenism, and other subjects ancient and modern. His "Theatrical Impressions," translated by Frederic Whyte, was published by Jenkins, London, in 1924; they go from Labiche and Dumas fils to Ostrowsky and the Chat Noir. *A. F., Bloomfield, N. J.,* is looking for modern translations of Horace such as F. P. A. has made, "to convey his spirit to high-school students." Louis Untermeyer has a volume "Including Horace" (Harcourt, Brace), and any number of young poets have tried their hands at slap-stick versions. Just why a poet distinguished for urbanity and grace (see, for instance E. H. Haight's "Horace and His Art of Enjoyment," Dutton) should be so often put into verse to be recited with the lower jaw protruding, I cannot determine. Kipling's Latin addition to Horatian carmina should interest these students; if anyone has a favorite English version, or book of versions, I shall be glad to forward its title. *T. C. A., North Andover, Mass.,* has read that there was to be a translation of the "Moral Epistles" of Seneca, by John Basore, and has put in an order with his bookseller, but as yet has had no result. He would like to get the Discourses complete in one volume, in any edition. The translation by John Basore is in process of publication by Putnam. "Seneca's Morals," in a limited edition with introductory essay, is published by Harpers ($7.50), it is also one of the volumes of Burt's Home Library. The "Tragedies" of Seneca are published by the Oxford Press in one volume.

I am informed by a learned reader that I should have recommended to the inquirer in search of a good translation of Lucretius's "De Rerum Natura" the one included in the Oxford Library of Translations (Oxford University Press) "Lucretius: On the Nature of Things"—which has the added value of being done by the same man, C. Bailey, who edited the text edition for the famous series of Oxford Classical Texts.

"One good turn deserves another," cries L. M. B., New York; "I think the book asked for by *R. L. A., Grandview, Mo.,* is Professor Israel C. Russell's 'Rivers of North America' (1898). In return for the 'good turn' that you returned to my inquiry some time ago." This, I submit is gratitude indeed. Perhaps someone may be likewise inspired to answer the following call; I cannot, and I have submitted it to several British exiles and they cannot: *F. A. M., Tampa, Fla.,* noticing that I spend part of the year in London, asks if I can tell him to what Galsworthy refers in his "Forsyte Saga" as "the most indispensable of modern appliances." He states that it has on its back "a sentence comparable to the very finest in Tacitus;

Thos. T. Sorrow,
Inventor.
Bert M. Padland,
Proprietor."

Britons please write.



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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 54. You have been commissioned to design a special deck of cards for the Bridge-cum-Literature Club of America. Each of the sixteen court cards is required to bear the facial likeness of a living American author. Mr. Mencken, for instance, might be the Knave of Clubs and Miss Millay the Queen of Hearts. These examples may, if you like, be incorporated. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the list of suggestions carrying the most amusing critical implications. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of March 11.)

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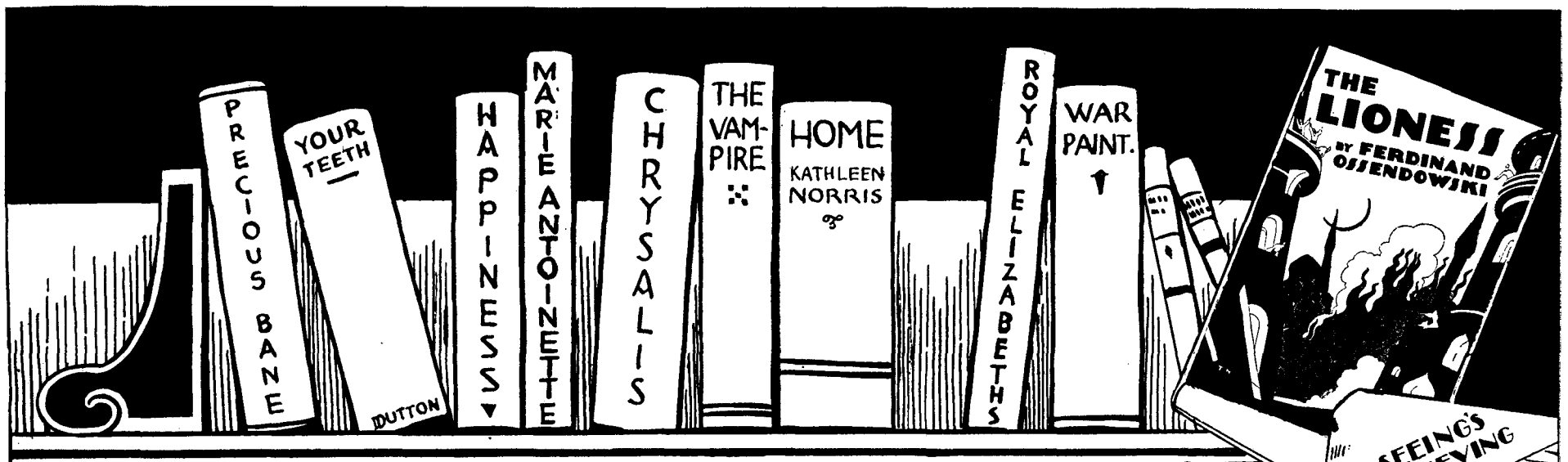

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Now this author has written his first novel

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THE PATHWAY, by Henry Williamson, author of "Tarka the Otter", awarded the Hawthornden prize, 1928. *Arnold Bennett* says "This is a novel richly worth quarreling with—the opening scenes are masterly, the dialogue is absolutely life-like, the author's gifts are authentic, dazzling—Mr. Williamson is a creator of loveliness."

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR, Sheila-Kaye Smith's very latest novel, answering "What is a woman's supreme test of love in a man?" will appeal to all those who love the stories of this preeminent English novelist.

THE LIFE OF MOSES, by Edmond Fleg, "Moses the Prophet, Moses the Man emerges with the timeless glory of all ages."—*N. Y. Times.* "A more impressive performance than Ludwig's Son of Man."—*The Bookman.*

THE REBEL GENERATION by Jo Van Ammers-Kuller, Selected by the Book League of America as a book of the month. "One of those captivating family novels."—*Harry Hansen* in the *N. Y. World.* "I found myself unable to leave it alone."—*Martha Ostenso.*

SEEING'S BELIEVING, by Gerard Hopkins, a dramatic forty-eight hours in the lives of four people. "I have not read dialogue this year with the enjoyment that I found in the conversation of 'Seeing's Believing.'"—*Nat Ferber.*

PRECIOUS BANE, by Mary Webb, *Premier Stanley Baldwin* of England writes, "I have read 'Precious Bane' with keen delight, and have not enjoyed a book so much for years." A novel receiving the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize, which has just sold 50,000 copies in England.

SCOTLAND'S ROYAL LINE, by Grant R. Francis a fascinating biography of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" together with the tragic and dramatic story of the Stuart monarchs.

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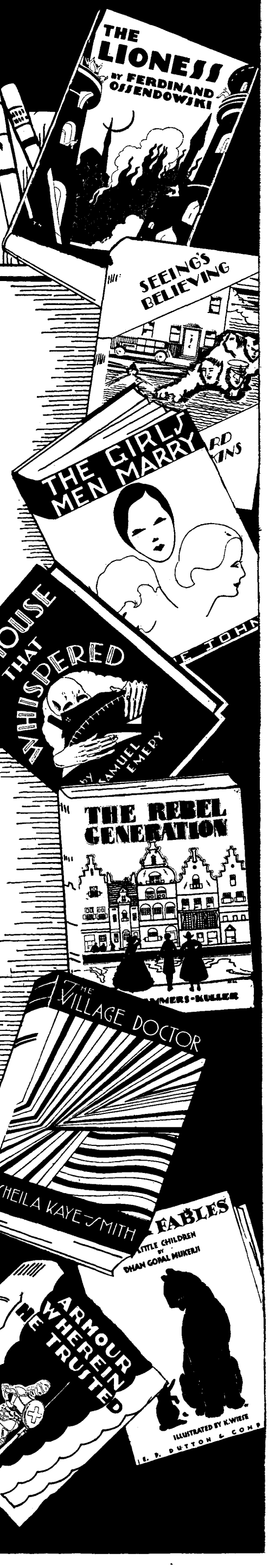

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